

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 98, Vol. 4.

September 12, 1857.

PRICE 5d.
Stamped 6d.

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES IN HINDOSTAN.

THE declaration of the mutineers at Delhi that they have revolted "solely on account of their religion," has only increased the confidence of those who are persuaded that they know better, and that religion has nothing in the world to do with the matter. The large class which shows its superficiality by rejecting every explanation of a great event which seems to it superficial, is open-mouthed against the foolishness of supposing that a Hindoo dreads proselytism; and we have anonymous writers from Calcutta assuring us, on the authority of anonymous Kulin Brahmins, that the very natives laugh at the absurdity of our taking them at their word. To these out-and-out supporters of the Mahometan theory, or the high-caste theory, or the King of Oude theory, or the oppressed millions theory, or the red-tape and circumlocution theory, we must now add that large portion of the British religious world which is interested in Indian missions. The reasons of the persons just mentioned are more respectable than those of the theorists whose views they borrow. They are unwilling to be thought responsible for any part of these terrible occurrences, and they are also unwilling that India, after the outbreak, should be sealed to their efforts. We sympathize with the repugnance in both its forms. It is natural that Englishmen, however pure their motives and however remote their responsibility, should shrink from thinking themselves answerable for one drop of the innocent blood which still cries for vengeance. We agree, too, in thinking it monstrous that our Indian Empire should feel the result of this awful visitation in a policy which should shut it up from Christianity. So long as Christianity is an integral part of English civilization, it is absurd for us to talk of civilizing India without at least leavening it with our faith. The relation in which Christian propagandism is to stand to the other parts of our system is a distinct element in the great question of resettling the Empire; but the problem is a most difficult one, and it will never do to facilitate its solution by introducing a datum which is probably quite erroneous. Whatever other sources the mutiny may have, it is altogether incredible that fear of compulsory conversion—the only pretext avowed—is the only pretext which is without foundation.

We are tolerably sure to know the true causes of the mutiny in time. The secrecy of Hindoo life is most profound, but it is not quite impenetrable. Once, at least, it was sounded in its darkest depths by the Commission on Thuggee. Every detail of the horrible mystery was brought to light, and the truth of the information obtained was proved by the eventual extirpation of the practice. We have no reason for believing that the Indian Government will be less successful in tracing the various threads which converged in the Barrackpore outbreak. Meanwhile, it is foolish to prepare for ourselves a disappointment, and to create obstacles to the success of remedial measures by obstinately insisting that one particular explanation is utterly inadmissible. Every one who knows India, or who has formed a vivid conception of it by study, will allow that there is, on the whole, a presumption that religious sensitiveness has something to do with every movement by which its people, or any part of its people, is powerfully stirred. What right have we Western Europeans to question the potency of religious influences on Oriental natures, when a propagandist demonstration like open-air preaching produces an armed riot in one of our most orderly communities? The apparent absurdity of men revolting about cow-grease has much to do with some people's scepticism; but, instead of the difficulty about the cartridges, take some other question about a point of Hindoo practice equally immaterial to a European, and the grotesqueness will vanish. If the

Government had ordered its Brahmin soldiers to eat food cooked in a mess-kettle, is there any soul in England who would affect surprise at hearing that there had been a mutiny? The Emperor of RUSSIA has plenty of Polish Jews in his army. Suppose that, alleging the necessities of his commissariat, he were to force them to eat salt pork—would the measure be so very leniently spoken of in England? Or, if disaffection were soon afterwards discovered, should we have Mr. DISRAELI assuring us that the perils of great empires can never be affairs of pickled pork? Moreover, though positive evidence concerning the Indian mutiny is anything but plentiful, so much of it as we have tends strongly to establish the reality of those fears of compulsory conversion which the Sepoys professed to entertain. Where the propagandism was most active, the disaffection was deepest. The regiment commanded by Colonel WHEELER—the only officer whose proselytizing practices are as yet proved—was, beyond all question, foremost among the malcontents. It is believed to have been the nucleus of all the treason at Barrackpore; and it is positively known to have corrupted the fidelity of other regiments—the 2nd and 7th Native Infantry, for example. It is true that it did not literally mutiny, for General HEARSEY was successful in disbanding it; but the unparalleled insolence of the men's demeanour while they were being disarmed showed clearly that, had they been as sure of the sympathy of the other corps as they would have been a few weeks later, they would have commenced the insurrection, and continued at its head.

The question of the mutineers' motives is not what it once was. So long as the mutiny amounted merely to military disobedience, equity and policy, though certainly not strict justice, required that we, who knew the marvellous moral idiosyncrasy of a Hindoo, should take the prejudices of the Sepoys into account when we were apportioning their punishment. But the manner in which the revolt has been conducted has made considerations of mercy immaterial. The hopes or grievances which prompted the insurrection are now solely important as elements in the problem of our future Indian policy. We ourselves acknowledge the great difficulties which attend even the solution that seems to us least partial and most plausible, and we are satisfied to wait for the information which a searching inquiry will elicit. Meanwhile, if the wish be not too preposterous, may we express a desire that religious men would abstain from vilifying those who think truth almost as sacred as the character of a missionary Colonel? We beg certain of our critics to believe that a man may have the interests of Christianity at heart, though he declines to admit, without proof, and in the teeth of probability, that Hindoos rather like being preached to than otherwise. If we do not fall in with a peculiar dishonesty of the present day, which consists in winning the favour of powerful religious parties by making them the largest possible concessions even in questions of fact, we are at least as ready as any one to offer the admission that the dominion of Englishmen will have been valueless to Hindostan if they do not bequeath to it their Christianity.

ULTRAMONTANISM IN IRELAND.

THERE is now some reliable evidence that the Papal See is encountering considerable resistance in an attempt to reduce part of the Irish Roman Catholic Church to submission. The zealots of British Protestantism will of course find the undertaking and the difficulty ~~absurd~~ ~~incredible~~. Those who regard Maynooth as a suburb of the Infernal regions, and Dr. CULLEN as a near relation of the Man of Sin, cannot be expected to recognise any difference between the teaching of Dr. CULLEN and the teaching of ~~MARY~~ ~~of MARY~~ Confounding all Roman Catholicism in a body which



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is far from enjoying, they lose sight (though about that they care little enough) of some of the finer movements of the age—they blind themselves to the real agencies by which the Papacy now works, and to the objects at which it aims—and they miss some better proofs than they at present possess of the characteristics which they eagerly attribute to the church of their hatred. The contest now proceeding in Ireland is probably multiform. The nature of one episode in it is all that is admitted. The Holy Father is allowed to be deeply grieved at seeing Catholics corruptly giving their services to Governments which will not pledge themselves to a "Catholic" policy. The meaning of course is, that the Pope would have it a religious duty to join that little band of impracticables which makes it a rule to violate every principle of political morality, with no other effect than that of completely placing Ireland at the mercy of England. Such a gentleman, for example, as the present ATTORNEY-GENERAL for Ireland is to be considered not only, according to the classical term of the Irish political vocabulary, a "traitor," but something like a heretic, if he does not embark in an attempt to wrest from the British Government concessions which no Government which respects itself could ever venture on making.

There are two instrumentalities which at the present day may be said to conduct the whole of the external action of the Papacy. Both are quite new to its system, and nothing can be more curious than the altered light in which it regards them. They are "Catholic" Parties and a "Catholic" Press. A Catholic party can only, of course, be formed where free institutions exist, and it is probably nothing more than a makeshift; for whenever liberty gives way to a despotism, the members of a Catholic party are always instructed, with calm illogicality, that the Church, though all governments are indifferent to her, has nevertheless a preference for absolute monarchy. In default or in expectation of the collapse of freedom, the Catholic party in the United States, in Belgium, in Holland, in Sardinia, in Ireland, is the object of the Holy Father's sedulous attention. A still more gracious consideration is given to the Catholic press. Though the press is muzzled over three parts of Europe, it is pretty nearly everywhere free enough to admit the phenomenon of Ultramontane journalism; and the main office of a Catholic newspaper is always to assail the independence of Bishops. A recent writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has ingeniously compared that class of journals with the mendicant orders; and certainly there is something curiously like a Franciscan spirit in the enthusiastic devotion of the Ultramontane lay-writers to the Holy See, and in their unrelenting persecution, under forms of ironical respect, of every authority which adheres to the soil by prescriptive privilege or immunity. The complete recognition of this powerful instrument by the Papacy, lies, in point of time, within narrow limits. The last Pope, as we shall see presently, anathematized it. The beginning of Pope Pius's reign was in the highest degree unfavourable to it, for there was direct contradiction between the denationalizing tendencies of Ultramontanism and that too famous policy which aimed at making the Pope the first and most national of Italian Princes. But the recoil of PIUS IX. from the consequences of his experiment brought with it what may be almost called a reversal of the principles on which the Papacy had acted during the cautious incumbency of GREGORY. With characteristic precipitation, Pius, foiled in his attempt to be ultra-national, determined to be ultra-cosmopolitan. One of the earliest results of the new plan of action we experienced in the great year of Aggression; but far the most significant indication of a change of policy was the triumph accorded to the *Univers* over the humiliated Archbishop of PARIS. The judgment of the Holy See in this quarrel finally recognised Ultramontanism, and consecrated the instrument by which its principles, its aspirations, and its prejudices are worked into the minds of the faithful. Of course it is difficult for an English Protestant to perceive anything in the Irish Roman Catholic Church which could offer resistance to any scheme of reorganization on which the Pope had set his heart. Perhaps it is the very last place where one would look for anything savouring of the soil. It is, however, a curious tribute to English institutions that they have strongly affected a Church which has, on the whole, suffered so much from them. Nowhere, we are told, has the Papacy had so much difficulty in converting Bishops into (we borrow the phrase) ecclesiastical Prefects. We can partly see this in some external phenomena of Irish Romanism. The Catholic Press, in spite of frantic efforts, remains comparatively obscure and uninfluential. The

Catholic University fails. Many little political projects are perceived to miscarry. But the most mortifying checks which the Papacy experiences occur probably in the struggle which is proceeding, as it were, underground.

We owe to the writer whom we have already quoted the remark that the new policy of the Papal See was undoubtedly first counselled by the Abbé LAMENNAIS. Few persons in England have now any recollection of one most miserable chapter in the modern history of Romanism—the rise and fall of the periodical called the *Avenir*. The three most eloquent men in Europe, MM. LAMENNAIS, DE MONTA-LEMBERT, and LACORDAIRE, united in an attempt to show that the interests of freedom and of the Church were indistinguishable. A perennial theme presented itself in the oppressions of Catholic Poland by the Emperor NICHOLAS; but the Holy See had infinitely more respect for the schismatic Czar than for its own enthusiastic votaries, and the *Avenir* was condemned. LAMENNAIS instantly deserted the Church which had disowned him, and one at least of his colleagues was only kept within her fold by the singular faculty which he possesses of blinding himself to flagrant contradictions. It is curious to compare the condemnation of the *Avenir* with the recognition of the *Univers*, and the present watchwords of Ultramontane Romanists with the language of the Encyclical Letter which the affair of the *Avenir* called forth from Pope GREGORY. That "liberty of conscience" which is so clamoured for by Irish gentlemen in English Parliaments, is styled *absurda illa et erronea sententia, seu potius delirantium, asserendam esse ac vindicandam cuiilibet libertatem conscientiae*. That "liberty of the Press" which is so boldly carried to its full consequences by Ultramontane writers in every corner of Europe except Prussia, is stigmatized as *deteriora illa ac nunquam satis excrevanda et detestabilis libertas artis librarie*. The plan of action denounced from end to end of this Encyclical Letter is precisely coextensive with that which the Papacy now daily practises. But that the Abbé LAMENNAIS, who first recommended Romanists to utilize to the utmost free institutions and a free Press, should have been driven out of the Church for his proposals, is in harmony with her never-varying policy. She crushes the Reformer, but she borrows the reform. She anathematized LUTHER, but she made haste to purge herself of Popes and Cardinals like LEO; she repudiated the French Revolution, but she is now striving to model her whole economy on its fundamental principle of centralization; and so she excommunicated LAMENNAIS, but quietly took his advice.

INDIA.

THE prolonged delays in the arrival of intelligence from the East are unquestionably trying to the patience, but there is no reason why the confidence of the public should be diminished. Whatever may be the nature of the news brought by the long overdue mail, the accession to the military strength at the command of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL, derived from the fortunate proximity of the troops despatched to China, justifies us in a hopeful estimate of the future; for it will, we trust, enable us not only to hold our own, but to achieve some important successes before the arrival of the reinforcements from England.

The first instalment of these reinforcements is expected to arrive about the first week in October. At that period the rains will have well nigh ceased, and there will be nothing to prevent an immediate movement to the Northward. England has sent, in addition to the China troops, from thirty to thirty-five thousand men to the rescue, and when the whole of these shall have reached India, there will be in that country nearly 87,000 European soldiers, unless the number should be materially reduced by intermediate casualties. Even if we are to strike off, on this account, the odd 7000, the force will be precisely what the best authorities in India have declared to be necessary for the retrieval of our disasters, and the military occupation of the country. We have every reason to be confident in the sufficiency of this force for what is called the "re-conquest of India." But the conquest of a country is not the work which lies before us. What we have now to do is to crush a military rebellion. In one very material point of view this, indeed, is a much harder task. With a small handful of men we have been accustomed, ever since the days of Plassey, to scatter the armies of native princes. These armies were for the most part badly

equipped and badly disciplined. But we have now to fight against 60,000 or 70,000 men, equipped and disciplined by ourselves, with the guns we have cast and the ammunition we have manufactured at their command. It has been our lot to "teach bloody instructions," which now "return to plague the inventor." We have taught these men to fight for us; and now they are showing in what manner they can fight against us. It is not to be supposed that, in behalf of what they are instructed to believe is a national cause, they will fight with less vigour than as the mercenaries of a foreign master.

Nevertheless there is in the very enthusiasm which now seems to inspire them an element of decay. We may be sure that the frantic courage, the fanatic ardour, which moved the Sepoy to acts alike of daring and of cruelty at the outset of the rebellion, has nothing of stability about it. It is altogether something abnormal and eccentric. It is the growth of an hour, and may perish in an hour. The feeling of newborn independence may be pleasant for a while, but it will soon be found that it has its pains and penalties. Flushed with success, gorged with plunder, excited by the novelty of its position, forgetting in the tumult and confusion all conflicts of creed and all internal animosities, the rebel army has hitherto sustained an attitude such as has rarely been assumed by a force so wholly wanting in organization, so destitute of chieftainship, so deficient in everything resembling a definite scheme of action. But we are already beginning to hear of intestine feuds. The rebellious Sepoys are evidently mistrustful of each other. Every man seems to be fighting for himself. The cement of a common cause is already found to be wanting. It may be fairly doubted whether such people are capable of sustained operations of any kind. When money and ammunition become scarce, and nothing but death and disaster abundant, they will sink into feebleness and inaction. Their present resources once exhausted, they have nothing to fall back upon; and they will soon learn, by painful experience, what it is to have a mother-country in reserve—and that such a country as England. Time, which is everything to us, is likely to prove fatal to them. They reap by delay only weakness and disunion, while we are gathering strength and acquiring solidity, and preparing to return, recruited and re-established, to the conflict. If we are not much mistaken, the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 will not need such strength as we are putting forth to crush it outright; for the seeds of dissolution and decay are sown in its constitution, and "Time, the Avenger," will do the sure work for us.

MORMONISM A POLITICAL TREASON.

PEOPLE often wonder at the success of Mormonism. An incident of the past week affords, we think, the best explanation of this. The Mormons held, and not for the first time, "an Annual Conference" in London; but it was certainly the first time that they announced this Conference by placarding our streets with a preliminary announcement of their Sacred Synod. This shows what the English people so much admire—pluck. At the very moment when it is announced that President BUCHANAN means to take the field in earnest against BRIGHAM YOUNG (though he postpones his crusade till next year), and while newspapers and railway novelists find the Polygamists of Utah useful for their respective purposes, the Mormons advertise themselves and their doctrines in the streets. This is what tells. It looks like the calm confidence of strength, as we should call it if we were friends of Mormonism—or sheer barefaced impudence, as we must stigmatize it, not believing in the Book of the Golden Plates. But either way it comes to much the same thing. Shamelessness occasionally acquires heroic dimensions. If prejudice, or even conviction, is rudely assaulted, it as often succumbs to the rude insolence as to the skill of the attack; but knavery, to succeed thoroughly, must bid largely. Had not Mormonism been the most insolent of frauds, it would never have had a chance. It is the bank director who lends himself £30,000*l.* who gets credit in the world.

It has been said that there is, in that religious element of strong wayward Puritanism which is an undeniable mark of the English character, a something that leads it to fall in naturally with whatever claims to speak with the prophet's voice. But though this may account for some of the converts to JOE SMITH's Gospel, we must look further before we can un-

derstand the secret of the Mormon emigration. The question is whether, substantially, Mormonism is a religious enthusiasm or not. We should incline to the negative. As far as we can gather, the Mormon converts do not come much from other sects, or from religious professors generally. It is not, as has been suggested, much of the parson's fault that his congregation flock to the Salt Lake. We much doubt whether, in the majority of cases, the Mormon converts troubled either church or meeting-house. The seed has fallen generally on vacant ground. The seduction is not of a religious character, nor is it a religious influence which leads to Latter-Day Saintship. It is in the temporal promises of Mormonism that its success is to be found, and in the peculiar form which its religious appeals take. The converts are, we believe, entirely from the Teutonic race; and, at least at one time, as many emigrants poured through Hamburg as through Liverpool, to the far East. Ever since the days of TACITUS, the "Indo-Germanic race" has been remarkable for its sense of corporeal enjoyments, and its keen relish of all things connected with eating and drinking. The Mormons promise a land of plenty. They address the senses. They hold out to the small farmer, and to the starving, scrambling, petty tradesman, the assurance of plenty to eat and drink, and they point to the Bible for confirmation of the fact that God's chosen people have always had the blessings as well as the promises of the present world. All the spiritual imagery of Scripture they reduce to the coarsest and most material form. They bring down everything, even Almighty God and all His gifts, to mere things of sense. The God, who is only a spirit, is—to use the Mormon's own language—"not the God for me." The Mormons localize heaven, and say, Here it is, on the Salt Lake, at Nauvoo, or Utah, as the case may be. The God of the Mormons, they delight to say, has a body, passions, feelings, and special residence like ourselves. Theirs is the reverse of spiritual religion. It is of the earth, earthly; and the earth is with them the mother of abundance, and of all sorts of riches and mere animal enjoyments—flocks and herds, feasts and concubines. This is, after all, what favourably addresses the poor; and in this style the Mormons present religion to their hearers. All the Old Testament language they take to the very letter, and interpret in its coarsest and most material form. They construe everything literally; and this looks honest, and is intelligible. The land flowing with milk and honey, the fat of the kidneys of wheat, the butter of kine, the fruit without labour, and the other good things which are promised to the saints, they proffer as a substantial religion—not in type and in the distance of spiritual blessings, but in solid, rich, unctuous possession in this present world, at a place which can be reached by a steamer. People answer an appeal like this. This is the sort of language which tells on the pining, hard-working labourer, either in field or factory; and this is what wins to the Mormon cause. There is in it that element of literal truthfulness which meets a characteristic of the British mind. It seems to be straightforward and practical. It saves the trouble of thinking. The appeal to go up and possess, in the name of the Lord, this land of abundance, is a message of glad tidings which meets with a ready answer from the masses, who, somehow or other, have always felt that society did not provide for them. Mormonism without emigration would never have made a dozen converts in England; nor has it made one in any class which is susceptible of any but the rudest and coarsest instincts.

What we would urge, then, is, that Mormonism is but an accidental form in which a spirit constantly reproducing itself in the social life of Christendom has more than once displayed itself. It is but a vulgar shape of the same tendency which throughout Europe, in the middle ages, showed itself from time to time in the Waldenses, in the Languedoc fanatics, in the Munster Anabaptists. All preached a social and religious Jacquerie—all suggested a community of goods—and all were accused of advocating, and some certainly recommended, a community in other relations, of which polygamy is but a form. COLERIDGE and SOUTHEY, in their early Susquehanna Pantocracy, scarcely anticipated the Salt Lake settlement; and Sir THOMAS MORE and HARINGTON, among others, theorized in a philosophic and gentlemanly way about the sort of thing which JOE SMITH and BRIGHAM YOUNG have reduced to a coarse and vulgar practice. Viewing it in this light, we consider the religious aspect of Mormonism as by no means its primary characteristic. Very possibly, in its origin, it was the work of one of those equivocal moral monsters of which JOE SMITH is by no means the first example, in which it is difficult to say whether the fanatic

or the impostor predominates. Probably the one character merged imperceptibly into the other. But, in clever hands than in those of the founder of Mormonism, the whole thing soon developed into a shape akin to OWEN's New Harmony, or FOURIER'S Moral Phalansterium. It retained the *Book of Nephi*, and the Mormonite revelation, because they had already been useful as the basis of an organization, and because the language of the Old Testament Scriptures, which JOSEPH SMITH contrived to ape, was a convenient and familiar vehicle of addressing the ignorant—language with which alone those whom they addressed had any, however unintelligent, acquaintance. Besides, in these days, no other than a sectarian form is likely to bring together masses of men. In one shape or other, it seems to be by some law that the waste places of the earth are to be colonized at the instigation of a fanatical impulse, which may be either religious or social. Mormonism is this—it is a social impulse to emigration on a large scale, and it bids largely for the emigrating classes. Hence its success. Political and sectarian feelings impelled colonists to New England—the frenzy of gold peopled New Spain and is crowding California—and before emigration was known, an upheaving of the masses often threatened the whole fabric of European society. But then, as now, society has always been forced, sooner or later, to combine against what is practically treason to its traditions, its compacts, and its necessities; and as soon as Mormonism touches the edge of anything like a State system, it comes into collision. It is not, on the whole, worth while for mankind to interfere with a Salt Lake Utopia, so long as it confines itself to its own borders; but as soon as the waters of the New Jerusalem enter into the stream of settled society, there can be no longer mutual tolerance. An anti-social confederacy is only safe in the wilderness. Let it once touch a community of law-governed men, and one of the two must perish. It is not, therefore, as a matter of religious liberty—the very narrowest view of the subject—that the "Mormon fanaticism" is to be regarded. Society has always in self-defence risen against all social revolutions of this sort. JOHN OF LEYDEN and the Anabaptists were impossible in Europe—Mormonism is an equal impossibility in the United States. Either one or the other must go; and, judging from all historical precedents, Mormonism will be put down, not as a religious system, however detestable both in theory and practice, but as an organized treason against human society.

MILITARY ECONOMY.

THERE is always one satisfaction—as recent events and discussions have strikingly reminded us—in hazarding a judgment on the extent to which economy ought to prevail in the military establishments of the country. A very little patience is sure to bring round a time when the opinion which one expresses, whatever it may be, will be sanctioned by the authority of the House of Commons, or, at least, of a good many of its leading orators. Economy is the natural line for the Opposition, and efficiency the cue of the Ministerial party for the time being; but, besides the variations of sentiment that follow the law of locality, and depend on a man's position relatively to the SPEAKER'S chair, there are regular periodic fluctuations which, more or less, affect the whole body, and generally range, in the course of a few years, or sometimes of a few months, from the excesses of liberality to the extremes of parsimony. It is, of course, the duty, and it is certainly the common practice, of popular journalism, to yield gracefully in this matter to the fashion of the hour; but, not being possessed of that happy facility of judgment, we cannot shake off the conviction that the prudence of this retrenchment or that development of our military forces is a question to be determined by the prospects of the time when it is made, and not by what may turn out to be the actual event. This, however, does not seem to be the prevailing view of the House of Commons. A few months ago, the only point on which there was an almost unanimous concurrence of opinion was that the proposed peace standard of the army and navy for the present year was somewhat above what the circumstances of the country required. There were not half-a-dozen members who controverted this view; and even Ministers themselves justified the extent of the establishments which they desired to maintain, rather by the difficulty and hardship of a sudden reduction than by the actual necessities of the time. With the exception of one or two military enthusiasts, who would like to see

our armaments kept up continuously at a war level, no one pretended that the forces provided by the House of Commons were not fully as large as the country could reasonably be asked to pay for.

Without a moment's warning, the Indian mutiny creates a sudden demand for troops, and straightway the House of Commons begins to stigmatize its own deliberate economy as unfortunate and unwise. Unfortunate it may have been, though we are not sure that any very appreciable injury is likely to result from it; but notwithstanding the present necessity for an increased army, we see no more reason now to question the wisdom of the retrenchment than we did at the time when it was the only popular cry. Politics must be, to some extent, a game of chance; and the reasonable amount of force to be maintained by a country at any given moment is a matter which, more than any other, must depend on uncertain calculations. But what can be more childish than to rail at our own past prudence the instant that the event disappoints the estimate which we may have formed on the best information that could be obtained? As well might a man who is suddenly seized with a mortal illness exclaim against his own folly in not having doubled his insurance the day before. A state of preparation which would have adequately met an event so unexpected as the mutiny of the Bengal army would, as it happens, have been convenient, but it would not the less have been a proof of undue extravagance; for no one can pretend that so sudden and serious a calamity falls within the ordinary casualties which may fairly be anticipated in a time of peace.

It is very easy to go back and point out a series of occasions, at no very long intervals, when it became necessary or prudent to increase our standing army; and it has been attempted to deduce the inference that either a war, or a reasonable apprehension of war, may be expected to recur so frequently, that money would actually be saved by keeping up our armaments rather at a moderate war standard than at an adequate peace one. It is the worst kind of extravagance, we are told, to break up an establishment which we may at any time be compelled to restore at a moment's notice; but the fact is, that in reducing the naval and military forces of the country, we don't break up any establishment at all. Some additional expense, and more additional trouble and delay, may be caused by disbanding men in one month, and re-enlisting them in the next; but we believe that, if the facts were accurately examined, it would be found that a very moderate interval between a reduction of the army and its next increase is sufficient to turn the scale of expense the other way. So far as concerns the men, half a year's pay would exceed the whole cost of supplying their places with fresh recruits, and, except in the item of bounty, there need be no considerable outlay in restoring the strength of regiments which may have been reduced. As a mere matter of finance, it would, we are satisfied, be wise to husband the resources of the country by reasonable retrenchment, even with the absolute certainty that at the end of a twelvemonth it would be necessary to revert to war establishment; and notwithstanding the rapid recurrence of troubles which we have of late experienced, we are not prepared to estimate the average duration of undisturbed peace at quite so short a period as a single year. No doubt there may be good military reasons for acting on a different principle; but it is a mere delusion to represent, as the *Times* has lately done, that the cost of maintaining an excessive peace establishment can be compensated, in the long run, by the saving of the occasional extra expenses of bringing a smaller army up to the same numerical strength. If money were the only thing to be thought of, the right plan would be to have no more soldiers in time of peace than are required for the performance of routine peace duties.

We are not, by any means, advocates of unsafe retrenchment, and we need scarcely say that at the present moment recruits cannot come in too fast. We quite admit, also, that the army must, as a matter of the commonest precaution, be maintained, even in the most peaceful times, at a considerably higher strength than mere financial considerations would render desirable. But we want to see the question put on its true footing—so much annual taxation on the one side against so much security from sudden casualties on the other. It is merely throwing dust in our own eyes to talk, as is the fashion just now, of the false economy of Parliament in having reduced the number of our troops, and to imagine that, by maintaining an army on the scale of the despotic Powers, we should be consulting our financial, as well as our military,

interests. Even in a strictly military point of view, the gain is not all on the side of large standing armies. The Crimean struggle exhibited, in their most aggravated form, the disasters which may result from a want of preparation in time of peace, for it was not merely in the scantiness of our reserves, but in the want of organization of the whole force, that the weakness of our system of limited peace establishments was felt. But there was a lesson to be learned also on the other side. A two years' war left us in the finest fighting condition, while the Powers which had the advantage, at the first brush, of enormous standing armies, were beginning to find the continuance of the contest too much for the strength which they had done so little to husband in times of tranquillity. In every war of first-rate dimensions, the victory is with the country that can best endure the drain of men and money, and those who are least exhausted at the beginning have the best chance of holding out to the end. Where a large peace establishment is not wanted for the maintenance of a despotic government against its own subjects, its only real use is as a protection against sudden emergencies. With a view to long wars, no less than to long peace, the true policy is to keep no more soldiers than we actually require. The excess above this number ought to be looked upon simply as an insurance against sudden troubles, and its amount should be regulated on a reasonable estimate of the risks which inevitably multiply as dominions increase.

ZEAL FOR SOULS.

THE preaching epidemic has reappeared. We wish that popular frenzy had taken a different form. Why should not the Flagellants, in these days of mediæval revivals, have another turn? To see men soundly lashing themselves through the streets would be a more intelligible, and, in its way, a more reliable evidence of some sort of sincerity than that of the gentlemen who have got up the Belfast riots. It is a more honest form of religious fury to flog your own back than to get a couple of hundred fools to break each others' heads in the sacred interests of the Gospel of Good-will. To make a foolish exhibition of yourself is not half the offence which it is to stir up the angry passions of the ignorant and fanatical.

There is just now a fervour for open-air preaching. Considered in the abstract, it is certainly a thing which we have no right to condemn. Undoubtedly it may be an instrument of much spiritual good. It belongs to no particular system. It is as old as Christianity, and older—it is in favour with Roman Catholics, and with Dissenters, and with Churchmen of all sorts. In short, merely as a mode of communicating truth, or announcing opinions, open-air preaching is not a specialty of religion at all. It belongs to politics as well as to religion—so that, theoretically, there is not a word to say against it. But everybody of common-sense feels that, when it comes to be used in religion, it is a very difficult tool to use. It looks as if it could not be misused, but it is very apt to play tricks in unskilful hands. Not one preacher in ten thousand is fit to preach to a mob; and, in fact, as those who have paid any attention to the matter know, not one street preacher in ten ever gets fifty people—at least in London—to listen to him. For our own part, we believe that, wherever tried—at least of late days—it fails egregiously in its object of converting the irreligious. But in default of what is called "reaching the masses," the experiment, it has been thought by good and worthy people, might safely be tried. And so it was tried in the Parks, until the apostles of blasphemy and indecency got the largest audiences; and open-air preaching is now a mere question of police. Still the thing is, in a certain sense, popular in the religious world. A very mild form of the complaint appeared recently in Exeter Hall, where a course of sermons was delivered to a genteel audience, who, however, happened to be anything but the working and irreligious men for whom the discourses were intended. And now and then we see paragraphs that, on "fine Sundays," wind and weather permitting, an open-air sermon will be delivered. Of course this epidemic has spread to Ireland; and there it has taken a very characteristic form. We know nothing of the origin of the open-air sermons in Belfast. Very likely their original intention was as good as that of similar preachings in England. But Ireland is a very susceptible and exceptional place, and Belfast is a town somewhat addicted to polemics. Whatever open-air sermons may be in general, it

is a ticklish thing to preach or to speechify to Irishmen. Belfast, too, has the reputation of being the head-quarters of one particular form of politico-religious profession; and an Irish religious arsenal is a place where polemics are not likely to rust for want of use. If Belfast sermons are not exceptions to the ordinary staple of Church of Ireland—or, as they prefer in Ireland to call it, "Church of England"—homiletics, we can judge pretty well of what the Belfast open-air preachings consisted. Protestantism in Ireland is simple enough. It consists of good, solid, monotonous railing at the Church of Rome. We do not complain of this—we merely state the fact. Very possibly it is quite right. We know that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. The Protestant preachers say that they know what Romanism is—that they must protest against it—that a burden is laid upon them—and so on. We are not disposed to argue the matter. Even admitting the justification, we are only concerned with the fact, that out of all the Protestant sermons preached every Sunday in Ireland, there are probably not ten which do not deal with "the corruptions and idolatry," &c. &c. So long as a preacher thinks that the best way of edifying his own flock is by abusing the religion of his neighbours, we may question his taste; but we have no right to say that if some people like to deliver sermons of this cursing and railing sort, and others to listen to this kind of religion, in their own churches, their opponents, so long as they are not forced to hear it, have no right to complain. But when it comes to delivering this sort of sermon in public, the case is altered. We make no manner of doubt what the staple of Protestant open-air preaching in Belfast was, or what view the Romanists must have taken of it. It was a sermon, and, from the necessity of the case, it must have had a dig at the Scarlet Lady. No Irish sermon can be complete without it. It is of the essence of the thing. We are not told so, but we assume it just as we do the blackness of coal.

Now the Irish are a very susceptible people, and the Irish Roman Catholics are particularly fiery denomination. And, any how, to be railed at, and scolded, and preached at by a squad of Presbyterian divines, is not likely to improve the temper. The Irish Romanists are, moreover, a large and most influential body; and, as the recent election intelligence reminds us, they are very much in the hands of unscrupulous partisans, who are not very careful about what we consider proprieties, and who certainly exhibit no backwardness either in giving or taking offence. The greater, therefore, is the danger of a fierce Protestant open-air squibbing in the midst of all this inflammable Papistry. Further, the Irish Roman Catholics—we take their Protestant fellow-countrymen's estimate of them—are the most bigoted, ignorant, and priest-ridden people upon earth. Such being the Irish Protestant sermon, and such being one half of the out-door population of Belfast, what shall we say of the other? Belfast Presbyterians are accustomed to faithfulness in preaching, and have an immense relish for strong doctrine. And we all know what the Irish Protestant estimate of strong doctrine is. When a public opportunity of smiting the Man of Sin occurs, we may be quite sure that it is the fifth rib that is aimed at.

In this state of things—which is no exaggerated estimate of what must inevitably be the elements of an open-air preaching in Belfast—would any person of common sense have attempted to incur the responsibility of setting fire to such explosive materials? "The Reverend HUGH HANNA," however, has not declined the sacred duty of reviving faction fights, with all their atrocities. We dare say that he loves what he considers truth much; but he certainly loves the chance of insulting his religious opponents more. Instigated by the dear delight of pouring out vials of wrath in the spirit of meekness, Mr. HANNA, in his zeal for souls, has been very careless of lives. He has boldly flashed the sword of the Spirit and of the dragoons in the face of his fellow-subjects; and, though no martyr himself, he rejoices at the pleasant sight of fiery Christians stoning each other to death. HANNA's message of peace was delivered in the presence of a fight more brutal and bloody than, for some years past, we have had to record even from Ireland. The mob took to the sermon as the old war-cry of Orangeman and Catholic. Open-air preaching was the meek Apostle's slogan; and he lashed his own adherents and their religious opponents into fury in the name of the Gospel. His call fell on willing ears; and the two parties fought it out, as long as stones and bludgeons lasted. Devout Penthesileas on either side armed the champions of the faith for the sacred fight, which was only stopped by the

indiscriminate fire of the constabulary, and the GALLIO-like charge of the hussars. The Riot Act and the Benediction concluded this edifying service. These are fruits of the Gospel which we daresay Mr. HANNA rather glories in. To him, blood and riot are signs of the work of the Spirit upon which he is to be congratulated. He has done his work manfully. That work to is undo, as far as in him lies, all that years of peace and prosperity, and forbearance and conciliation, and mutual toleration, have done for his country.

To do Mr. HANNA justice, he has not the hypocrisy to attempt much concealment of his motives. He preaches "a temperate Evangelical address," but, as he says, merely to " vindicate the right of the ministers to preach." That is to say, he was very anxious to convert poor wretches who believed in nothing, but infinitely more anxious to vindicate the proud Protestant duty of cursing those who not only believe the Bible, but are ready, perhaps foolishly and ignorantly, to fight for their religion. As to the peace of the town, that was no affair of his—"it was the business of the authorities to maintain the peace." It was his to preach, no matter who took fire or affront—as though a man were to say he had a right to smoke in a powder-magazine. As to any explosion, that was the affair of the powder, not his. He thought that a good fiery, combustible sermon was the best thing to try men's tempers, and that the Gospel would look the more lovely and lively if its various adherents showed that they had the courage to break the peace and each others' skulls in defence or assault of it. The Rev. HUGH HANNA knew very well what he was about, and was cautioned and warned on the results of his sermon. And he boldly accepted the issue. What he came to vindicate was "a constitutional right;" and he preached in behalf of religious freedom. The constitutional right of any man to set two furious factions to fight out their differences and politics, by actually inviting a bloody riot—and to test the power of the magistrates by getting up a row just to try whether they could prevent it—we beg to doubt; and if religious freedom means the duty of one religious body to insult in public either the convictions, or prejudices, or ignorance of another, the sooner that freedom is abridged the better, both for religion and social order.

BLOOMERIANA.

WE devote so much space to discussing the proceedings of the men who govern, fight, or reason, that it is only fair we should give a little to the women who are aspiring to do the same. It is true that the "softer men" have not as yet done anything; but then the far more abundant flow of language with which nature has endowed them, enables them to promise a great deal. Let us listen to them in their first effort to become "ladies of creation." Enter, the modern Ecclesiastes, Miss Barbara Smith and Miss Bessie Parkes.

Miss Smith, being a person of lively imagination, hears—cries that the world is going wrong for want of women, that moral progress cannot be made without their help; that Science wants the light of their delicate perceptions; that Moral Philosophy wants the light of their peculiar point of view; Political Economy, their directness of judgment and sympathy with the community; Government, the help of their power of organizing; and Philanthropy, their delicate tact.

And again:—

Women should teach languages and oratory. Aspasia taught rhetoric to Socrates. The voice of women is more penetrating, distinct, delicate, and correct in delivering sounds than that of man, fitting her to teach both oratory and language better.

Now, in the pages which follow this claim on the part of the sciences for petticoat government, Miss Smith dwells a good deal on the advantages that would accrue from a more general employment of women in trades and manufactures. They can do watchmaking, she says, better than men—they can keep accounts, engrave woodcuts, manage the Electric Telegraph as well—and the want of some such employments dooms thousands to the workhouse or the streets. All this part of her argument we are very far from disputing. It is abundantly clear that, in the present relative condition of incomes and habits of life among the less wealthy classes, marriage cannot support any large proportion of the 43 per cent. of spinsters whose hard fate Miss Smith so feelingly depicts. And no one will dispute that any industry, however masculine, is better than pauperism or prostitution. But this truth forms no sort of basis for the claims that are set up in the passages we have quoted. It only applies to hired labourers of some sort or other, and to those who work that they may live, and includes no description of intellectual occupation, except one or two of the more trivial kinds of literature. No one disputes the claim for suitable work advanced by women whom the accidents of any peculiar state of civilization have left without the natural support with which marriage should provide them. But men

have too much experience of the sex's charming ways ever to trust them with government or political economy, or moral philosophy, or oratory, or science. Government is one of the few intellectual employments in which women have been thoroughly tried. History teems with instances in which the accident of birth, or a despot's caprice, has placed political power in a woman's hands; but the result has too frequently been that she has shown herself either a monster or a fool. Miss Smith shall take her choice. Which does she prefer? Semiramis or Cleopatra? Catherine de Medicis or Mary Queen of Scots? Catherine of Russia or Madame de Pompadour? In each of these pairs the first was not a fool, and the second was not a monster. Christina of Sweden enjoys the enviable distinction of having united both characteristics. The case which is commonly cited on behalf of the rights of women is that of Queen Elizabeth. So much of political and religious controversy is bound up in her fame that it will be long before history can hope for an unbiassed estimate of her character. But one consideration lies upon the surface. Her wisdom is to be traced only in her political acts, which *might* have been the work of her Ministers; but in her private conduct, which *must* have been her own—in her jealousy of Mary Stuart, in her love of Leicester, in her insatiable taste for flattery—she was as silly as any nursery-maid.

In respect to the other positions claimed by Miss Smith, the world has fortunately less experience of the powers of the sex. Yet what political economist that contemplates the boundless crinolines with which female vanity chokes a ball-room and drains a husband's purse, would wish to see a Miss Lewis at the Exchequer or a Miss Wilson in the Treasury? Who that has slept and snored, or grumbled and groaned, under the oratory of the domestic circle would be bold enough to add a feminine clatter to the babel of the House of Commons? Who would wish to number the seductive arts of love among the wiles of Mr. Hayter? How his *affaires du cœur* would multiply on the eve of a great division! And how the town would ring with scandal when he was caught kissing an Irish Member in the lobby! In respect to a woman's capacity for science, we are not left wholly without a sample to guide us. Music, at least, is a study from which they have never been excluded. Their childhood is devoted to the acquisition of a power of manipulation which male composers can only envy. But musical eminence does not consist in manipulation. There is a scientific excellence which a facile execution aids, but cannot secure—which depends on the intellect, and not on the hand. And to this women have never reached. Generation after generation, music has formed the staple of female education; and yet, in the list of great musical masters, not a single female name is to be found. Assuredly, if education could have elicited high intellectual power from the feminine mind—if it could have converted the crab-tree into the pine—it would have done so in this case. The truth is, that women are fatally deficient in the power of close consecutive thought. Place a major and minor premiss before a woman, and she can, like other rational beings, draw the conclusion. Place a sorites before her, and she is bewildered. It is this defect which makes her impervious to sustained argument—which has absolutely barred her from mathematical or musical eminence—and which, in the vast majority of cases, will close to her, not by the tyranny of man, but by Nature's stern decree, all the nobler avenues of intellectual distinction.

Miss Bessie Parkes is vaguer in her ambition, though bolder in her views. She admits that she does not know what women are fit for; but there is an "unknown and unimagined fund" in their hearts and minds, which will be drawn forth if we will only adopt Miss Parkes's peculiar views of physical and mental education. It is not very easy to discover the exact purpose for which this new fund is to be used; but as she talks of the addition of "vital truths," and of women's share in the Reformation, and as the "co-operation of women is a necessity" for some great cause which is to "roll ceaselessly forward like the motion of the sea"—a most unpleasant comparison—and "finally to break on the shores of another world" we presume that she looks for some great religious development as the result of her scheme of female training. It must be admitted that the adaptation of the means to the end is somewhat eccentric. Here is her view on physical training:—

The physical education of females is much better than it was. Such books as those of George and Andrew Combe are penetrating everywhere, and schools are conducted on a more rational plan—indeed, one could be named where the most perfect physical development is not only permitted, but systematically attempted. Still the ideal of the female form and physical condition, as generally held amongst us, is much below what it should be: stays are being more or less discarded, but not without a hope that the waist may still remain comparatively slim; the proportions of the Milo Venus have no real hold on the national taste; a certain softness of aspect—a certain restraint of bodily action—is still required from well-brought-up young ladies; they may not in walking preserve the natural balance by any motion of the arm; and if girls carelessly assume any one of the hundred attitudes which stripping youths are freely indulged in, it is, by some curious and very indecent version of feeling, laid up against them for private reprimand, often to the sore hurting of young susceptible feelings.

It may be very desirable that young ladies should have big waists, and swagger along the streets, and sit with their feet up, à la Yankee, in the drawing-room; but we cannot discern in such improved habits the seeds of a great religious development. The mental training for such an object is more extraordinary still. After the following passage has been perused, we shall

not be accused of injustice in having compared Miss Parkes to the freeminded and outspoken heroines of Aristophanes. The italics are our own:—

Now, curiously enough, this very subject, involving as it does many details of, and reflections on, the passionnal influence of women (the only influence they have in past ages and foreign countries largely or continuously exercised), is the very subject from the thorough study of which women are studiously debarr'd. Doubtless they are allowed to learn and ponder certain picked facts of social history; but any true research into the past or present history of human relations is absolutely denied them. The history of the "character of the two sexes" is contained, not in the long elaborate works of history proper, but in the pages of the poets and novelists of each epoch; and these pages, by most educators of youth and advisers of young women, are strictly withdrawn from their perusal. Mature women of the upper class sometimes possess extensive acquaintance with the authors of the past, but from Chaucer and Dryden, Ben Jonson and Fielding, the younger portion of the sex are kept apart as they might be from the plague or the cholera. This species of reading is not at all good food for the mind when exclusively carried on.

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Carried on simultaneously with various other activities, this subject of the relation of the sexes should certainly engage the attention of young women. In their hands lie the powers of reform; in their will, once enlightened and aroused, firmly and continuously expressed, the most efficient instrument of amendment. To this end, then, fearlessly open to them all past and present literature; let them know all, and act upon the knowledge. If women be as pure in nature as they are invariably represented, they will act on pollution like chloride of lime. But there must be no concealment; they must learn to affix the right names to things; they must know what is going on around them; they must read. They must learn to estimate English and foreign ideas compared together, nor must their discernment be darkened by the invectives of the *Quarterly Review*; for how can that mind have a true appreciation of the ideas now operant in Europe, which ignores the forces which have formed, or those set in motion by George Sand?

Doubtless the poets and novelists of Charles II. and Louis XV. would give a very peculiar and instructive view of the "passional influence of women." How much better informed, according to Miss Parkes, women would be, if they learned their French from Faublas, and their Italian from Aretino! There has been much talk lately of a crusade against Holywell-street and other similar dens. It has been weakly supposed that "evil thoughts are what defile a man." A truce to this folly, says Miss Parkes. "Luther claimed the right of unstinted knowledge," and so does Miss Bessie Parkes. "All past and present literature," without exception or reserve, is, in the estimation of this courageous lady, fitting aliment for the female mind, and may be "fearlessly" thrown open to girls in their teens.

Miss Parkes is mistaken in believing that the sort of education she advocates is so unknown that we cannot estimate its effects. We know them only too well in the drawing-room Amazon, the "strong-minded woman" of modern society. Watch her for a moment as she stalks swaggering along, or as she stands at that doorway, with her arms a-kimbo, laying down the law to a horrified young Guardsman, and you will not doubt that her physical training has been irreproachably untrammelled. Listen to her for a moment, and you will be equally satisfied with respect to her mental training. Many geniuses contribute to her conversation. Her religion is from Comte, her language is from Emerson, her topics are supplied by George Sand. If she can fasten on a politician, her favourite subject is divorce on the ground of adultery. But her grand theme of denunciation is the frivolity of a butterfly generation, which will neglect all sensible conversation for the small-talk of that young lady at the pianoforte, and will persist in fancying that "the period of life in which the sex attains its greatest charm is that of pliant girlhood, when mind and limbs are alike soft and undeveloped, although the mature beauty of real womanhood is much more admirable." Is there a plague of Egypt worse than the strong-minded woman? However, we do not fear that this species of vermin will ever infest English drawing-rooms; and therefore we can afford to part from Miss Bessie Parkes in a benevolent frame of mind, and with the sincere hope that her educational project may meet with all the success that it deserves.

In saying, however, all that we have done, we desire to lay it down distinctly that we are utterly opposed to artificial and prudish systems of education, in which an impossible attempt to substitute ignorance for due regulation of the character opens the door to evils not the less real because of a contrary nature to those caused by Miss Parkes's and Miss Smith's system. In these, as in all other matters, there is a wise law of moderation equally opposed to "strong-minded" license and puritanical seclusion.

THE SWORD AND THE PEN IN INDIA.

THE *Lahore Chronicle* is, we believe, a very fair specimen of the local press of India. It contains a great variety of information, its contents are well arranged, and many of its criticisms are well worth reading. Far from giving any just ground for offence, or entertaining sympathies with the mutineers, it is thoroughly patriotic, and calls for vengeance with all the urgency of the regret, dread, and horror which the nearness of the scene of revolt naturally inspires. When, therefore, we comment on a certain portion of the matter which has recently appeared in its columns, we do so without wishing to leave the impression that it is a vulgar or disreputable publication. But when a journal, which, for a local paper, is evidently a good one, indulges in a strain of writing prompted, perhaps, by the present

circumstances of India, but unwarranted and unfair, we cannot but suspect that papers worse conducted will imitate and exceed its example. We select it, therefore, as a representative of the mischievous and unjust system to which we refer. It is the old story—the pen sits in judgment on the sword, and cavils, criticises, abuses and condemns, as if it were as easy to handle troops, and choose the least of a hundred difficulties, as to write a scurrilous article. From the presumption and arrogance of general criticism there is but one step to the incrimination of the conduct of particular commanders. Vindictive feelings are aroused, strong language is used, and, as far as the pen of the journalist can work the evil, the character of a good soldier and an honourable man is scribbled away.

The subject on which the *Lahore Chronicle* comments with the greatest acerbity, is the history of the mutiny at Jullundur. This is a station about eighty miles east of Lahore; and there, on the evening of a day which, as far as we can gather, was the 20th of June, two regiments of native infantry mutinied, and, being joined by others on their way, set off, in a body amounting altogether to 2000 men, on the road to Delhi. Their route lay through Loodiana, and in order to reach that town, they had to cross the Sutlej. Mr. Ricketts, the Deputy-Commissioner of Loodiana, attempted to oppose their crossing, and failing in that, offered some little resistance to them after they had gained the further bank of the river. But his force was insufficient; and the mutineers marched through and out of Loodiana. At this place General Johnstone, Colonel of her Majesty's 87th Foot, was stationed with a considerable European force under his command, although his own regiment was at Peshawur. He got together his men, and ordered a pursuit; but after he had headed the pursuers a short distance, he seems to have thought that the enterprise was a hopeless one; and although he did not immediately recall his troops, he himself returned, and without delay collected a small force, and proceeded to Umballah. The mutineers proceeded on their way unimpeded, arrived at Delhi, and were immediately sent into action, according to the practice which the insurgents of Delhi seem invariably to adopt when new troops come into the city. The *Lahore Chronicle* is furious in its criticisms on the conduct of General Johnstone. It accuses him not only of supineness and imbecility, but of actual cowardice. It gloats over an accident which shortly afterward befel him, when he was much hurt by a fall from his carriage. It inserts a scurrilous epigram, in which the General is described as refusing to have his rest broken, and determined to sleep comfortably, rather than get up in the middle of the night to face the mutineers; and it ends a leading article by asking whether it will be necessary "to revive the doings of the days of Byng." In plain language, the journalist thought the Colonel of a Queen's Regiment ought to be shot, because he had taken a different view of his military duties from that entertained by a critical civilian, at the distance of eighty miles from the scene of action.

We do not pretend to account for the course which General Johnstone pursued. We do not know any of the particulars—we cannot find any statement of the exact position of the mutineers at the time when the intelligence first reached him, of the nature of the force at his disposal, or of the guns, arms, and ammunition with which he was supplied. We do not know the facts of the case; nor, so far as we can discover, did the *Lahore Chronicle* critic. There are a hundred small and trifling details, which an indignant journalist cannot be supposed to consider worthy of his notice, but which practically make some difference. But even if we knew these preliminary facts, how is any one here, or how is the local censor, to put himself in the position of a brigadier commanding a district like that of which Loodiana is the centre? A general has many things to think of besides leading his troops in a skirmish. He may have distrusted the native force which, together with Europeans, was under his command. He may have had some of those ulterior objects in view which only present themselves to the consideration of a man in high command. At any rate, it is not very astonishing that when he considered further pursuit useless, he should have hastened to Umballah. For Umballah is the key of the communication between Delhi and the Punjab; and as the mutineers could not avoid passing near it, and as the country through which they passed was sure to be disturbed and excited by their approach, it seems to be very natural that General Johnstone should have thought his duty lay at Umballah rather than at Loodiana, after the mutineers had once left the latter town. Whether the pursuit was conducted as warmly and efficiently as possible, we have no means of judging. But we find from a letter which appeared in the *Times* last week, that these same mutineers were pursued, at later stage of their march, by troops under the orders of another commander, and that although the pursuers came within four miles of the pursued, the attempt failed, and the rebels reached Delhi unmolested. We have not the slightest wish to puff General Johnstone, or to find excuses for him or any other man. It is possible that he may have made a mistake in judgment, or that, although he may have acted rightly, yet his movements may not have been so quick as those of a more energetic man would have been—though we have no ground for supposing this to have been the case. But what fills us with wonder is, that any civilian commenting on the case, even when placed in as unfavourable a light as possible, should think that the most reasonable, intelligible, and defensible solution of the whole affair

was, that the Colonel of a Queen's regiment—a regiment known as of high repute, well officered, and well disciplined—should have been afraid of taking his men under fire; and that the critic, not satisfied with starting so injurious an hypothesis, should actually ask that the victim of his criticism should be shot.

It is, perhaps, excusable that such things should be printed in India. When men are in daily terror for their own lives, or for the lives of their friends, they view with the utmost impatience anything short of a wholesale and immediate vengeance on those who cause the alarm, and cannot understand why security should not be at once restored by some signal stroke of strategy or some overwhelming display of force. A General who does not instantly meet, rout, and put to the sword the miscreants who have caused so much misery, is marked out at once as the object of all the vituperation which their fancy and fright can suggest. While, therefore, we regret that journalists should be so far moved by their personal feelings as to write rashly and bitterly about the conduct of an honourable man, we yet may make some allowance for them if we confine our attention only to the effect which their attacks are likely to have in India. People are excited and nervous there, and any sensible man would pardon something to gossips and critics, who are hardly in a state to judge calmly and fairly. But there is another side of the matter. These calumnies, although primarily addressed to a local public, and there accepted with the abatement and indulgence which the knowledge of local circumstances may suggest, are only too apt to make their way to England. A hint is soon taken if it panders to the vulgar love of detraction—whispers are set afloat—and imputations are cast on the absent without any one exactly knowing the authority on which they rest, or the grounds on which they are based. We think that no one here ought to attach the slightest weight to any rumours or remarks depreciatory of military men in India, unless they rest on authority produced or acted on by the Government. When such rumours are circulated here, the only inquiry ought to be whether the officers have ever done anything unworthy of their commissions. If they are men of standing and merit in the service, that one fact alone ought to be quite sufficient to keep their honour unsullied in their own country, until they themselves return to defend and account for their conduct.

STATISTICS OF THE TREAD-WHEEL.

AT one of the recent meetings of the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society, a paper was read *On the Influence of the Labour of the Tread-wheel over Respiration and Pulsation, and its Relation to the Wear of the System and the Dietuary of the Prisoners*, by Dr. Edward Smith, Assistant-Physician to the Brompton Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest. This important and novel investigation constitutes a part of an extended series of inquiries which the author has prosecuted upon himself, the general results of which have, as our readers are aware, been not long since read before the Royal Society. The paper is intended to show how great is the wear of the body caused by the mode of punishment in question, the inequality of the punishment, and the serious defect in the quantity of *Respiratory* food prescribed by the Government. The inquiries were made by and upon the author in October, 1856, at the Coldbath Fields Prison. He worked the wheel during periods of a quarter of an hour's duration, with intervening periods of rest of a quarter of an hour, in the manner prescribed for the prisoners, and made seven series of observations. The average quantity of air breathed during the labour was 2500 cubic inches per minute, at a rate of respiration of 252 per minute, and a depth of inspiration varying from 91 $\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches to 107 $\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches. The rate of pulsation varied from 150 to 172 per minute. During the intervals of rest he sat quietly, and after thirteen minutes' repose the rate of respiration varied from 15 to 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ per minute, the quantity of air inspired from 725 cubic inches to 980 cubic inches, the depth from 48 cubic inches to 53 cubic inches, and the rate of pulsation from 97 to 120 per minute. Before he entered upon the inquiry he breathed in the standing posture about 600 cubic inches per minute, at a rate of 14 per minute, and a depth of 43 cubic inches; and the rate of pulsation was 75 per minute.

Thus, during the exertion, the quantity of air inspired was increased more than fourfold, the rate of respiration was increased two-thirds, the depth of inspiration 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ times, and the rate of pulsation 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ times. The results during the period of rest show that the effect of the labour had not passed away in a quarter of an hour. When compared with the results in the quiet sitting posture, the author stated that the effect upon respiration was 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ times, and on pulsation 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ times as great; and taking together the 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours of hard labour, with a similar period of rest, he proved that the effect upon the system of the eight hours labour was equal to that of twenty-four hours of those not condemned to hard labour, and that, if the whole twenty-four hours were taken together, the effect would probably be two-thirds greater than that of occupations not laborious.

These results are better appreciated when compared with others obtained for the purpose of comparison. Thus—Fast walking at upwards of four miles per hour causes a rate of respiration of 30 per minute, a depth of 80 cubic inches, and a total quantity per

minute of 2400 cubic inches of air. The rate of pulsation was 130 per minute. Ascending steps at the rate of speed of the tread-wheel, viz., 640 yards per hour, caused the rate of respiration to be 22 per minute, the depth 90 cubic inches, and total quantity per minute of 1986 cubic inches, and a rate of pulsation of 114 per minute. Carrying 118 lbs. at the rate of three miles per hour induced a rate of respiration of 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ times per minute, a depth of 90 cubic inches, and a total quantity of 2141 cubic inches per minute, with a rate of pulsation of 189 per minute. Thus the labour of the tread-wheel produced a greater effect upon the respiration than any of those modes of exertion, whilst the effect upon pulsation was greater in the last severe labour only. The total quantity of air breathed per hour upon the treadwheel (if the labour were continuous), would be 150,000 cubic inches as opposed to 27,000 cubic inches in the quiet sitting posture, and the wear of the body would be not in the same but in a very similar ratio.

The author then proceeded to consider the effect of this exertion upon the system, and showed that the excessive exercise of the lungs and heart must ultimately lead to the induction of consumption, asthma, emphysema, congestion of various organs, and enlargement with attenuation of the heart; and in persons having a diminution in the capacity of the lungs and "weak hearts" the effect must sooner be very serious.

In reference to food, the author is of opinion that the reparative (nitrogenous) food, as flesh and bread, is very ample for the first class of prisoners, and requires revision only in its distribution—as, for example, the removal of two ounces or three ounces of the six ounces of cooked meat allowed at the dinner four times per week to the breakfast, which consists of bread and cocoa. He also pointed out the importance to all, but especially to those who masticate imperfectly, of rendering the meat tender, and of allowing more time between the meal and the return to hard labour, on the ground that otherwise, the food is partially wasted, and the distended stomach seriously hinders the action of the lungs and heart. The great and most serious defect which he pointed out was in the *respiratory* food, since neither fat nor sugar is allowed, except in combination, as in the $\frac{1}{4}$ th part of an ox-head, or the briskets of beef, and in two ounces of milk and cocoa. No sugar, lard, suet, bacon, butter, or dripping are allowed; and, of course, beer and alcoholic liquors are excluded; and these, with starch, are almost the sole articles which meet the wants of respiration. Hence it is clear that either our natural appetites, and the universal habits of men, and chemico-vital knowledge are wrong, or that this dietary must be thoroughly defective. He dwelt upon the imperative necessity for an increase of fat, both in relation to the wants of respiration and the due digestion of starchy food, and showed that, under the present system, much food must be wasted from non-digestion; and the system must, as it frequently does, decrease in weight.

The mode of working the wheel was then explained; and it was shown that the labour is not only in raising the body as the wheel descends, but in maintaining it erect, in opposition to gravity, since the centre of gravity is probably external to, and in front of the body. The author proved that it is an unequal punishment, the inequality being not that of guilt, but of physical conformation and health—and moreover, that the resistance offered by the wheel is not uniform in all prisons, and has been greater than it now is in the Coldbath Fields Prison, and hence that the lives of the prisoners are at the mercy of uneducated engineers. The old, the tall, the heavy, the feeble, those having diseased lungs and heart, those not accustomed to climbing or slow walking, and those with small bones and muscles of the arms, shoulders, and back, must suffer the most; and hence the punishment falls with different degrees of severity upon different classes. "Weak hearts," and lessened capacity of the lungs, may exist with a fair amount and appearance of health, and hence would not be necessarily known to the prisoner or to the surgeon by a cursory examination.

The author was of opinion that it is a punishment unfit for the aged (as its discontinuance in many prisons seemed also to imply), and is certain, if long continued, to induce disease and a premature old age. It not only renders the prisoner a greater cost to the community whilst in prison, by reason of the increased quantity of food which the labour demands, but subsequently to his parish; and since the labour is not employed to meet the cost of maintenance of those who furnish the power, it is so much of human flesh and life wasted. He admitted that the results obtained upon himself would be both greater and less than upon others, and also that habit might tend to reduce the effect somewhat; but there was a very large margin from which deductions might be made without materially affecting the results.

He also described the "shot exercise," and showed that although it was a most irksome punishment, it could not have anything like an equal power with the tread-wheel over the wear of the body. The moral influences of a prison do not increase the activity of the functions, and consequently the wear of the system; but they enfeeble the system by lessening the vital processes of want, supply, and appropriation of nutritive material.

In a postscript, the author referred to the Government dietary for prisoners condemned for short periods, and showed that a dietary of bread and water only for a week, or of bread and gruel only for a fortnight, must be intended to injure the health of the prisoners; and he appealed to the Government to take steps to ascertain if the defect in the *respiratory* food is hurtful to the

prisoners, and to test, during the longest periods, what amount of injury the lungs and heart do sustain.

The Government dietary referred to is as follows :—

Imprisonment for one week and under, 20 oz. bread, water only, daily.
 " two weeks " " 2½ pints of gruel, daily.
 " three weeks " " 1½ ditto, and 1½ porridge.
 " two months " " ditto ditto.

With for dinner :—6 oz. cooked meat, and 8 oz. potatoes, twice per week.
 1 pint of soup " " thrice per week.

Imprisonment for over two months, 20 oz. bread, 1 pint of cocoanut, and 1 pint of gruel, daily.

For dinner, 6 oz. cooked meat, and 8 oz. potatoes, four times per week.
 1½ pint of soup " " three times per week.

THE MUSEUM OF GLASS AND CERAMIC ART AT MANCHESTER.

THE collection of illustrations of Painting assembled at Manchester is, as we have seen, thoroughly comprehensive and almost exhaustive in its varied departments. But it may be doubted whether the Museum of Ornamental Art, which forms the other great division of the Art-Treasures Exhibition, is not still more remarkable both for novelty and completeness. Never before has so extensive and methodical an array of examples of the application of art to every conceivable want or luxury of social life been assembled in one building; and there is perhaps no branch of ornamental skilled workmanship in which the artisan may not study at Manchester the masterpieces of his predecessors in his craft. How much the opportunity of such study is needed, not merely by the craftsman, but by the great body of the public, to whose needs or pleasures the artist ministers, has been often pointed out in these pages. Here in England, and in this century especially, it is not the mechanical or manipulative part of our manufactures that is defective, but it is the sentiment and the design—the graceful, artistic, and appropriate treatment of our raw materials. Surely it may be hoped that the sight of so many exquisite marvels of taste and refinement, of thought and fancy, as are collected in the present Exhibition, may not merely raise indirectly the popular standard of criticism, but may exert an immediate influence for good on those whose work in life is the industrial practice of the arts. Here, at any rate, may be seen what has been done of old in every department of art-manufacture; and it will be hard if some at least of our modern craftsmen are not fired with ambition to rival, if not to surpass, the triumphs of a past age. So much for the usefulness of the present Museum. Its extent may be judged of when we say that it embraces between forty and fifty glass cases, full of every kind of art-treasures. The collections of the Hôtel de Cluny or of Prince Soltikoff are small in comparison. Nearly three hundred collectors, including official departments, chapters, colleges, and corporations, have contributed their choicest rarities; and the Government purchases from the Bernal sale, and the Soulages Collection in its entirety, form but subordinate departments of the aggregate whole.

This vast collection of ornamental art, though selected, and to some extent organized, by the competent skill and intelligence of Mr. J. B. Waring, is nevertheless almost confusing to the visitor from the variety and distribution of its heterogeneous contents. These innumerable articles of *vertù* are doubtless as well arranged as was possible under the circumstances of the case. Every particular specimen is so placed that it can be fully seen; and there is a broad grouping and general classification in the several glass cases. But—owing, we suppose, to the necessity of keeping the specimens of certain contributors distinct from each other and from the general bulk of the collection—it is necessary for the visitor to go from case to case, and from side to side of the building, in order to study fully and separately any particular branch of art. The only perfect way of arranging such a collection as this is to dispose the objects, as far as may be, in chronological order, in parallel lines of shelves; and, especially in the ceramic department, to avoid the needless multiplication of examples which do not illustrate any new or important point. The majolica in the Louvre, for instance, is admirably arranged in this way; and we should have thought that the ample area of the Manchester Palace might, with the addition of screens, have been made to suffice for some such method of exhibition. But we have no wish to cavil where there is so much to admire; and we proceed to give some account in the present paper of the glass and the ceramic products, which collectively form one of the most attractive portions of the Museum.

The specimens of glass manufacture are arranged in Case A, which contains the contributions of private collectors, and in Cases M and T, devoted respectively to the Soulages and Bernal examples. Among these, by far the most exquisite works, both for design and materials, are those of the Venetian artists of Murano. This is not the place to enter upon a minute description of the principal and most characteristic varieties of this precious but brittle manufacture. The workmanship of the antique, and early Oriental, glass-blowers is not represented here; but the products of the Venetian school, an offshoot of that of the Lower Empire, may be studied to great advantage. The staple of the furnaces of Murano was for a long time the *margarite*, or coloured beads, used so extensively in Venetian commerce with Asia and Africa; but after the fall of Constantinople the processes of colouring and enamelling glass

were borrowed from immigrant Greek artists. Nothing can exceed the delicacy, the fantastic variety, and the graceful intricacy of the ornamental patterns. The shapes are also sometimes of beautiful simplicity, but too often the advancing Renaissance impressed its characteristics of debased or grotesque form on the manufacture. Even here, however, the vigour and richness of the exuberant and licentious fancy often compensate for the absence of purity and severity of design. It is so in the capricious adaptations of the forms of animals, fishes, and the like, which meet us on every side in a host of extravagantly-shaped vessels which could never have served any useful purposes, but were probably merely intended as objects of *luxe* and fancy. But the cunning processes of enamelling, of engraving, of incrusting, of clouding, of frosting—the filigrees, the spirals, the *latticino*, the streaks and threads of colour, the *mille-fiori* pattern, the mosaic effect, the gold-spangling, the chromotropic reticulations of bands like the rainbow—and a hundred other delicacies and audacities of ornament—must be seen to be understood or appreciated. Many of these processes have been wholly lost; and modern artists, in such as have been preserved or re-discovered, have never equalled the masterly works of medieval Venice. These cases must be the despair, we should think, of the glass manufacturers of to-day; and we may all well wonder how it was possible that such prodigality of lovely ornament could be bestowed on objects of daily use, so fragile and irreparable. Only compare with some of these miracles of art the abominably coarse "cut glass" with which our modern tables are generally furnished—clumsy in the thickness of the material, rude in shape, and inexpressibly vulgar in the cut pattern! There are some wine-glasses in Case A, so slender and flower-like, and so beautifully shaped and engraved, that one could almost believe the old legend that a drop of poison in the cup would break them. There is also a hanap, or drinking-cup, contributed by Mr. Felix Slade, frosted and encrusted with gilt masks, which is altogether charming; and equally beautiful is a goblet of Mr. Napier's, enamelled with birds and flowers in bright colours. The specimens of *vitro di trina* and *schneltz*—as the interpretation of coloured bands like lace-work, and a kind of fused mottled many-coloured enamelling, are called respectively—will escape no observer. In tazzas, Case M of the Soulages Collection is the most rich; and the examples of the lace-work glass in Case T of the Government Collection are the most remarkable. The specimens of German glass are also fine of their sort, but less beautiful than the Venetian masterpieces. We may except, perhaps, from this censure the German tankards, gorgeously enamelled with armorial bearings or legends, or subjects, sacred and profane, which are unrivalled of their kind for brilliancy of colour. A few specimens of modern glass included in Case A show great comparative success, and give welcome hopes of further improvement.

Proceeding now to the collection of ceramic art, we find it filling about twelve cases in all, and extraordinarily complete in all its branches. Beginning with Oriental and Chinese porcelain, we may go on through the Hispano-Arabic earthenware to the glorious majolica of Gubbio and Faenza to the specialty of Bernard Palissy, and thence to the china of Sévres and Dresden, and the English styles of Bow, Chelsea, Derby, and Worcester—ending with the latest revivals of the Staffordshire Potteries. Case D contains a choice array of Chinese and Japanese porcelain. Here may be seen specimens of the various "crackles," of rare and delicate colours, such as can no longer be produced in the Celestial Empire, and far less by European artists. Some of these seem curious enough and ancient enough—if we may judge from an entertaining chapter in Mr. Fortune's lately published *Residence among the Chinese*—to deserve a place in the collection of that fastidious connoisseur of Tse-kee, who was that traveller's rival in the purchase of the rarest antique porcelain. Several of the examples in this case are the more worthy of study, because the art of fixing many of the colours is lost in China itself, and fine ancient specimens are now very seldom exported. A gourd-shaped bottle, contributed by Mr. Addington, is specially remarkable for its beautiful harmony of colour. There is one most curious plate among the Chinese specimens, on which is represented the Crucifixion, our Lord—with a nimbus round his head—hanging between the two thieves, and the Virgin weeping below, all the figures being dressed in Chinese costume. We saw no explanation of its history. The egg-shell porcelain of Japan should also be looked at, and the same case contains some Persian ware and two Siculo-Arabic vases. Compare with these the fine Hispano-Arabic vases in Case S, from the Government contribution, and two equally curious deep-blue vases, covered with flowing enamelled patterns, belonging to Mr. Beresford Hope.

The majolica is divided between Case E, the Soulages and Marlborough House Collections, and Lord Hastings' separate contribution in Case P. We need not here enlarge on the iridescent ruby lustre of Gubbio, the glazes, designs, and colouring of the Capo di Monte ware, or the distinction between *plaques*, *fruttieri*, and *amatori*. Specimens of all these, of singular excellence, may be seen at Manchester; and it is scarcely necessary to select any for particular mention, especially as the treasures of the Soulages collection have already been noticed at length in these pages. It is the fashion now, in some quarters, to decry majolica on the grounds of the undeniable debasement of much of its design, both in form and ornamentation; and some have urged that on this account the Soulages Collection, as being

especially rich in such ware, does not deserve to be purchased by the nation. It is enough to answer that the great lesson taught by these specimens is the possibility of wedging the highest artistic skill of the time to the utilitarian products of ordinary manufacture. In this respect, the Raffaele ware of Italy is an encouragement and example, even if a severer taste should prefer in our modern ceramic products a style more free from the influence of the Renaissance. And we must repeat our own hope that, in the interest of our home art-manufactures, the choice specimens of the Soulages collection may yet be secured for our schools of design. Before passing on, let us call attention to the row of drug-bottles, *vasi da speziera*—such as ornamented an Italian shop in the fifteenth century—so bold and effective in their colour and writing. In the same Case, E, there are some coarse and fanciful pilgrims' bottles which should be looked at, and a specimen of Palissy ware, belonging to Mr. Napier—in which the fish is overhanging its dish—superior, we are inclined to think, to any others in the Museum. And yet the Soulages pieces of Palissy ware in Case O—the ewer and the perforated dishes especially—are of rare excellence; and Lord Hastings' display of porcelain in Case P—almost complete in itself—embraces charming examples of each kind. The same may be said of the choice selection from the British Museum, Marlborough House, and the Queen's private collection, in Cases Q and R: and it is this repetition that makes it difficult to study the present Museum methodically, and urges one to wish for a rearrangement of the whole.

The more modern porcelains are classed in Case C; and here may be studied the products of the furnaces of Dresden, Sèvres, Berlin, Copenhagen, and Buen Retiro, in very choice and beautiful examples. But they are all very inferior in interest to the earlier Italian school of ceramic art. The English porcelain, of the several manufactories enumerated in the earlier part of this paper, is also very sufficiently represented. It is scarcely equal as a whole to the Continental ware, and fails especially in the harmony and brilliancy of colour. In all the design is feeble and inflated. The Duke of Portland's contribution of Sèvres porcelain, in the Wall-case R, is highly deserving of attention; and in the Wall-case S will be found specimens of Wedgwood ware, from Mr. Mayer's collection, and two more curious than beautiful examples of early English pottery, drinking cups called "tys," one of them bearing the date 1612. Scattered among various cases are also sufficient specimens of German pottery and of Delft ware. Lord Hastings, in Case P, sends a singularly coarse Delft dish of the eighteenth century, with the subject of the sacrifice of Isaac in relief in the centre; and other pottery, equally uninteresting, from the same eponymous town, is ranged in the adjacent Wall-case, bearing the same letter.

The beautiful ware of Luca della Robbia must be noticed among the products of ceramic art; and perhaps, in strict chronological order, considering the importance of his discovery of the method of applying a stanniferous enamel upon terra cotta, we should have mentioned him earlier. The Exhibition contains several of his works—two or three belonging to the Soulages Collection, and two on the south side of the nave, of great excellence. One of these, belonging to Mr. A. Joseph, is a large circular piece, the subject being the Holy Infant upheld by two Angels and adored by his Virgin Mother. The other, a smaller panel, belonging to Mr. Lee Jortin, represents the same subject under a different treatment, and without the attendant angels. Finally, we may mention that the selection from the famous Hertz Collection, now in the possession of Mr. Mayer, of Liverpool, comprises a variety of specimens of ancient pottery—Etruscan, Greek, and Roman—which may be compared by the student of ceramic art with the mediæval and modern wares upon which we have been enlarging. It will have been seen how unusually complete is this department of the Manchester Museum of Ornamental Art. Of the enamels and works in the precious metals, which are no less well represented, we must speak on another occasion.

REVIEWS.

MEMORIALS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.*

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, notwithstanding the best intentions, is not fortunate as a biographical editor. It was a proof of amiable condescension in a noble ex-Premier to collect the remains of a popular poet; but the pressure of political avocations left no time for selection or arrangement, and an indiscriminate publication of frivolities has rendered the memory of Moore ridiculous. The perfect good faith of the Editor is, however, sufficiently demonstrated by the similar treatment which he has since applied to the great hero of his party. The leaders of the Whig aristocracy may possibly be sceptical as to the claims of literature, but no one will doubt their genuine belief in Mr. Fox; yet the *Memorials and Correspondence* form a compilation almost as bungling as that which contains the letters and diary of Moore. The fame of the great orator will certainly not be increased by the publication of letters which record from year to year, with

* *Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox.* Edited by Lord John Russell. London: Bentley. 1857.

tiresome sameness, how he hated Pitt, how he detested the King, and how he disliked coming to London. The value of correspondence is by no means uniformly proportionate to the eminence of the writers; and biographers ought to judge whether their heroes had the power or the inclination to express their minds in their familiar letters. Mr. Fox's reputation will survive the exposure of the narrowness and bigotry which he took no pains to conceal in his private communications with his friends; but it is unfortunate that injudicious admirers should have challenged, by the present publication, a comparison with the statesmanlike letters of Lord Grenville.

It is easier to believe that Lord John Russell may have been pressed for time, than to understand why he should undertake successive literary enterprises which he is unable to accomplish. Professional authors may derive some consolation from the failure of so illustrious an amateur. It may be a great honour to sit for a likeness to an eminent statesman; but when a satisfactory portrait is required, there are some advantages in applying to an artist. The compilation of the Fox Correspondence is not even uniform in its awkwardness. It begins with a biographical fragment composed with infinite labour by three distinguished writers, whose common devotion to the memory of their hero carries them nearly into the middle of his life. In a subsequent part of the work, the narrative is lost in the sands; but the letters are arranged in chronological sequence, and connected by occasional comments. The fourth volume contains the unassorted sweepings of old drawers and cupboards, in which stray documents may by accident have been discovered. One series of letters ending in 1806 is followed by another batch of twenty years before. Then appear a selection of State papers of a still earlier date, not written by Mr. Fox; and the octavo is completed by a string of *dilettante* criticisms on Greek and Latin authors, exchanged from time to time between Mr. Fox and the well-known Gilbert Wakefield. As the Irishman in *Joe Miller* said of the roofless and bottomless sedan chair in which he was dragged through the mud, if it were not for the honour of the thing, a biography might as well be composed by a man of letters who would take the trouble to write it.

Lord Holland is known to have been actuated by two ruling passions, which probably may be resolved into one. It was the business of his life to exalt the memory of his uncle, and incidentally to discredit the adversaries and rivals of his idol. The fruits of his literary leisure consist in the *Memoirs* which attracted some attention by the dulness of their scandal, and in the meagre segment of a biography which forms one thread of Lord John Russell's three-stranded narrative. Mr. Allen, an inmate of Holland House, and a writer of undoubted ability, attempted to complete and extend the work of his patron; but by some fatality the *Life of Fox* still remained in its fragmentary state. In the first volume of the *Memoirs*, the joint composition of the unsuccessful friends is twisted together by some arrangement of brackets or parenthetic symbols. The third and least valuable portion of the work is intercalated by the present editor, who promises hereafter "to place in a connected narrative the relation of Mr. Fox's political career, and an account of his times. In that manner the great events of his life will be prominently set forth, and his public policy fully discussed." "That manner," whatever it may be, would certainly be preferable to the manner in which the task has hitherto been successively attempted and abandoned. If Lord John Russell carries out his intention, he will do well to begin with the beginning. It is useless to preserve the results of Mr. Allen's indolence and of poor Lord Holland's ineptitude.

It would be altogether unfair to judge of the character of a famous statesman by the spleenish exaggerations to which he may accustom himself in private; but Fox appears to have indulged in violent language until it exercised a perceptible effect on his master's judgment. A Whig of 1780, or of 1800, might be excused for the error of believing that the Royal power was becoming excessive, and that the balance of the Constitution was disturbed; but Fox seems to have persuaded himself that George III. was a despot, and that Pitt was his dependent satellite. With wearisome repetition, he speaks of the King in the formula appropriated by Dante to Omnipotence—*Là dove si puote ciò che si vuole*; while, for the Minister, he is always ready with such phrases as "What a villain Pitt is!" On one occasion, the leader of the Opposition states to a friend, that he is glad to see the funds falling—not that he professes to understand such matters, but he always sees that it annoys Pitt. When an invasion is threatened, he affects not to see why, tyrant for tyrant, he should prefer George III. to Bonaparte. When the news of the battle of Trafalgar disturbs England with mixed emotions of sorrow and of triumph, Fox coldly remarks—"It is a great event; and by its solid as well as its brilliant advantages, far more than compensates for the temporary succour which it will certainly afford Pitt in his distress." The Minister was then dying; but his rival could not bring himself to believe that so happy a summation was at hand.

The most consistent purpose of Fox's political life was his desire to form a Parliamentary party strong enough to control and overawe the Crown. He never seems to have discovered that the strength of the King and of his Minister was mainly derived from their agreement with the majority, or with the most influential part of the nation. There was then much truth in the statement that "England does not love coalitions;" and the

Whig leader, whenever he made any active attempt to recover power, was wholly occupied in schemes for coalescing. The Addington Government brought him, for the first time after many years, within sight of his favourite object. He formed a cordial alliance with Lord Grenville, who had been far more zealous in the French war than his former chief; and he even exchanged overtures at different times with Pitt himself. His wish was not so much to carry out any particular policy as to impose a Ministry on the King. No language was too strong to express his contempt for "the Doctor;" but, in a few months after the return of Pitt to power, the Foxites, the Grenvilles, and the Addingtonians were acting together in zealous opposition. If his own tenure of office had not been cut short by his premature death, Mr. Fox would, perhaps, have discovered that George III. was not a despot, and that he had himself spent the best part of his life in combating a chimera.

Notwithstanding the advantages which he derived from family connexion, Fox entered political life in his boyhood as a mere adventurist. His early squabbles with Lord North involved no pretence of a question of principle. The young orator succeeded in asserting his own personal importance, at the cost of making himself obnoxious to the King. The American war first gave him a serious cause to support, while it accustomed him to the ill-omened habit of identifying his own success with the misfortunes of the country. The coalition with Lord North represented, more truly than any other conspicuous act of his life, his ruling purpose of checking the supposed encroachments of the Crown by a Parliamentary alliance. He sympathized with the French Revolution partly from a hatred of the abuses which it destroyed; but still more because he mistook it for an assertion of Whig principles, and saw in it a degradation of Royal authority. He actually justifies the atrocities of the 10th of August on the ground that Louis XVI. had acted inconsistently with Whig doctrines, in using his constitutional veto against the decisions of the Legislative Assembly. In the course of his career, the Whig leader was generally found on the side which, in modern parlance, is called Liberal; but he always avowed himself the champion of aristocratic privilege. He was the "Man of the People" only when the King chanced to be unpopular. At other times no Tory could speak with more lordly scorn of the voices of the rabble. He even refers with some complacency to his own acknowledged unpopularity after the fall of the North Coalition.

The most valuable parts of the collection are the letters which treat of private subjects. They are neither brilliant nor touching; but they represent the happy temper of a man who was always pleased with his own family and with his personal friends. The cheerful annals of St. Ann's Hill may serve as a corrective to loud and irrational denunciations of hostile statesmen and of a tyrannical Court. In one case, Fox was speaking as he habitually felt—in the other, he was often trying to lash himself and others into excitement.

Lord John Russell remarks with much good sense that the hostility between Pitt and Fox was a public misfortune. The spirit and energy which were wasted in opposition might have made a consummate Minister, who would have had neither time nor inclination to talk exaggerated nonsense. As a colleague, he might have corrected many of his rival's errors, which were only aggravated by angry declamation. A Government including the two great orators would have been bolder and more generous. The prevalence of a Conservative policy during the violence of the French Revolution was inevitable; but the struggle between Pitt and Fox gave an exclusive triumph to a narrow and onesided theory of resistance. Lord John Russell will have the opportunity of correcting, as a biographer, his own numerous editorial deficiencies. For the present, he has in some degree lowered the position of his hero; but it is not improbable that he may live to restore and to exalt his memory.

LA DANIELLA.*

THE novels of George Sand are seldom entertaining; and the last she has written, *La Daniella*, is perhaps less entertaining than any of its predecessors. Whatever may be the merits of the writer, it is hard work reading through two thick volumes of a fiction where there is scarcely any plot—where the characters are sketched faintly, and hinted at rather than fully delineated—and where there is little to startle, amuse, or touch us. *La Daniella* has the great fault which marks all the recent productions of George Sand—it is very much too long. It is spun out with an audacious prolixity, as if the writer were amusing herself with seeing how much she could make the public read. Perhaps this prolixity may arise from a wish to meet the demands of the publisher for a two-volumed story; or, possibly, it springs from what is a very prominent characteristic of the writer's mind. George Sand is essentially reflective and self-contemplative—she writes because she feels, and as she feels. It is the world within, and not the world without, with which she occupies herself. Being, however, of an impulsive and passionate nature, certain subjects, such as the problems of social life and the range of artistic excitement, have taken a deep hold on her imagination. While these subjects were new to her, she worked them with a spontaneous life and freshness which enabled her in a great measure to dispense with action and incident in her fictions. Now that she has grown calmer, sadder—in one word, older—she

gives us reflections as original and as suggestive as ever, but which, from the very fact that they are truer to life and nature, more soberly expressed, and more patiently elaborated, have less to stimulate and fascinate the reader. It is not that her powers have decayed, but their maturity itself makes her productions less effective. Secure of an attentive audience, she goes on page after page writing whatever comes uppermost, without regard either to those whom she addresses, or for the puppets of her romance. But, although *La Daniella*, in which she has indulged her genius to the uttermost, is tedious, spiritless, and flat, it bears abundant traces of a master-hand. It contains many passages which no one but George Sand could have written—passages full of subtlety, of a nobleness of aspiration, and of nice observation, and expressed with that wonderful grace, ease, and *abandon*, the command of which is the greatest of her gifts.

A reflective story-teller is never without a specific purpose. In inferior hands this purpose degenerates into a moral or religious lesson, which the story is supposed to teach. But, with a great writer, it is nothing but the outpouring of the particular thoughts which happen to fill the author's mind at the time of composition. There is no distinction between the two, except in the degree of individuality and originality with which the writer approaches the subject. The theme of *La Daniella* is "all for love." The book is an echo of the cry which we hear arising from the lips of so many of the leaders of thought in France, who are appalled at the growing taste for material happiness—at the ignorance, baseness, and poverty of soul which follow in the train of national avarice. M. de Montalembert has recently made a spirited appeal to his countrymen against this, the greatest of moral curses that can beset a people, with the one exception of religious fanaticism—of the evil of which it falls short, because the weakly good recoil from avarice, but are attracted by bigotry. "Even in romances," says George Sand, "which would seem to be the proper home for an ideal more pure than that of the share list and the Bourse, I often see the expression of an impetuous desire for a treasure like that of the grottoes of *Monte Cristo*, and am neither astonished nor scandalized at it. I see that in a society so uncertain and troubled as ours, while Europe trembles with fear and hope, between dreams of a fabulous prosperity and of a universal social cataclysm, men of vivid imagination rush into that terrible determination 'to be rich or to die.' It is one of the evils of our day, and we bring on ourselves an infinity of misery because we wish to build a big ship when we really need nothing more than a little boat." It is the object of *La Daniella* to show that the man who builds the big ship sails through life distracted, anxious, and in danger, while the owner of the little boat has a tranquil, safe, and happy voyage.

In England, we never disconnect individual improvement from the scheme of constituted society. The virtue that is to be encouraged must be a virtue that will fit into the established order of public and religious life. The means to be adopted must be means which would practically answer in the case of men and women holding a certain position in English towns and counties. In France it is not so. The individual is not asked to take his proper place in the fabric of the State, to fall into the groove of patriarchal respectability, or to harmonize his thoughts with the influences of a recognised religion. The appeal is only to himself. He is asked to look into his own heart—to find out when and why he is best—to give free play to his generous emotions—to accept honestly the unalterable facts of human life. In *La Daniella*, a poor French artist, trained simply, and of a noble, quiet, thoughtful disposition, goes to Italy, and there is invited to visit the family of an English nobleman, to whom he renders assistance against a sudden attack of bandits. In the house of this nobleman, Valreg, the artist, meets niece of the nobleman's wife, Miss Medora, and also Miss Medora's Italian lady's-maid, La Daniella. With the eccentric insolence of British wealth, Miss Medora makes violent love to the artist, who receives her advances with the utmost coldness. He greatly prefers Daniella, who is consequently sent away by her jealous mistress. She meets Valreg again, when chance takes him near the village where her family resides. The end of it is, that she returns his passion, and, as she modestly expresses it, *se passant de prêtre*, flies to his arms. He is touched by the generosity of her sacrifice and the nobleness of her character, falls seriously in love with her, and marries her. He refuses the offer of a competency made him by his rich friends, and leads the life of a poor artist engaged in the decoration of a palace situated in the village where Daniella lives. Different circumstances arise to call out and strengthen the better qualities of the lovers. Valreg, as a husband and father, finds in his family the sphere which best admits of his becoming all that he aspires to be; and Daniella, heartily repenting a fit of furious jealousy to which she on one occasion gives way, learns to moderate the violence natural to an uneducated Italian. A companion of Valreg, an ambitious, needy, daring adventurer, tries to win the hand and wealth of Miss Medora; and it is in the contrast which this couple, with their folly, pettiness, and selfishness, present to the peaceful dignity of Valreg and his wife, that the moral of the story is to be found.

To English readers the moral is absurd. To tell a young Englishman, whom we wanted to improve, that the best thing he could do would be to make first a mistress, and then a wife, of an Italian lady's-maid, would be simply ridiculous. The whole thing is quite out of the range of English family life. We imme-

* *La Daniella*. Par George Sand. Paris: 1857.

dately begin to think how the young couple would be tabooed. No cousin would write to them. No maiden aunt would leave them a legacy. But if we get rid altogether of these very sensible considerations, leave England and English society entirely out of sight, and think merely of the course to be taken by an individual whose moral growth was not supported by external props, we find there is some meaning in *La Daniella*. Valreg and Daniella are thrown together—they are fond of each other, and their passion leads them on. Up to this point there is no lesson whatever. Very natural circumstances lead to very natural results. But immediately after this point is attained, the crucial test of Valreg's conduct begins. He is struck by the greatness of what Daniella has done for him—he finds in her the seeds of a noble character. Shall he give way to this emotion? Perhaps no question could be raised better fitted to try the worth of worldly notions, and to elicit the difference of opinion between the author and her adversaries. The more we consider it, the more shall we find that behaving well to a woman who is in our power goes down to the root of all that excellence which man, when looked on as isolated from society, can display.

The scene of the story is laid in the vicinity of Rome. There are many authors who can describe scenery more distinctly and effectively than George Sand; but there is no one who can surpass her in the power of giving an impression of the deep feeling with which the scenery described has possessed itself of the mind of the writer, or who more thoroughly carries the charm of personality, and of a subjective richness of meaning, into representations of the external world. She has a singular facility in marking out some features of what she wishes to paint, which stamp the scenery portrayed for ever in our recollection. The general description of the Campagna affords an excellent example of this:

There is a sort of failure in the effect produced by the plain of Rome. This arises from a want of proportion—the plain is too great for the mountains. It is a vast picture with a tiny frame. There is too much sky, and nothing is so formed as to arrest the attention. All is solemn, but tiring, like a sea in the level of a calm. The very civilization of the country is so managed as to spoil it; for it just suffices to prevent the sensation of loneliness and the awe of real solitude.

This appears to us in the best style of subjective landscape-painting. And George Sand has two faculties which connect her with the more external view of nature, and give body to all she writes on the appearance of natural beauties. She has the eye of a colourist, and she has the most lively interest in the various forms of animal life around her. Thus, in *La Daniella*, when she has to describe an old ruin where Valreg passes much of his time, she makes her sketch distinct and real, by noticing the animals which Valreg saw around him. She speaks of the little serpents, and of the way they crawled, of the kid and the rabbits which he fed, of the abundance of scorpions, and of the curious rarity of butterflies. "I know by sight," says Valreg, "everything that grows and flies in the places where I have lived some time." The author is speaking here herself, and it is her own tastes that she records. Nor is this less so in a passage where she describes the instinctive manner in which an artist gathers into his range of sight, and treasures up in the storehouse of his memory, every striking effect of form, of light and shade, of depth and harmony of colour, whatever may be the thoughts that otherwise occupy his mind, and however great may be the pressure which adverse external circumstances are exerting on him at the time. But although there are many fruits of this artistic sensibility scattered through the work, it is not these fruits that constitute the chief excellence of *La Daniella*. It is in the analysis of the less obvious relations of the sexes—of the treacherous delights of female friendship, and the rough differences of married lovers—that George Sand shows the full scope of her genius. *La Daniella* has much of this analysis wherewith to reward the patient reader. As a novel, it can never be popular; but it is not without importance as a sample of French literature, and it cannot fail to interest all who wish to watch the course through which so remarkable a mind as that of its author is carried in the progress of its development.

THE ENGLISH AND INDIA.*

Il est et ab hoste doceri. How much rather should we hearken to a warm-hearted friend, eager to pay no scanty tribute of admiration to everything of which we are justly proud, ready to judge our shortcomings without a symptom of condescending impartiality, and able to place at our disposal judicious counsels and suggestions. Such is the tone and spirit in which M. de Valbezen has worked up the information gathered from books, and from a long residence in India, into a most instructive and interesting account of our Eastern Empire. We have never yet had the fortune to meet with a French work containing so hearty and spontaneous a recognition of all the qualities which constitute the power and the pride of the Anglo-Saxon race. From the beginning to the end of the volume we have not met with a sentiment or an expression which the most fastidious Englishman could construe into a sneer. The writer more than once alludes with gratitude to the warm reception he met with at the hands of our countrymen during his sojourn in the East.

* *Les Anglais et l'Inde, avec Notes, Pièces Justificatives, et Tableaux Statistiques.* Par E. de Valbezen. Paris: Michael Levy. London: Jeffs. 1857.

It is too probable that many of those who welcomed him to their hearts and hearths at Delhi, Agra, and Lucknow are now numbered among the victims of the most awful massacre that ever reddened the page of history. Their survivors, however, we feel persuaded, will acknowledge with pleasure, as they peruse this volume, that their hospitality was not thrown away, and that when they held out the hand of friendship to M. de Valbezen, they were welcoming a gentleman of sound head and yet sincere heart, who would repay their kindness with usury.

Several circumstances conspire to make us anxious that this work should receive close and early attention in England, and also be widely circulated on the Continent. In the first place, it is both interesting and important to learn the aspect which our Indian Government wore to a shrewd and unprejudiced foreigner previously to the recent outbreak; for it should be observed that it is only at the concluding page of this volume that we meet with any allusion to the existing crisis. A less honest or less generous writer would probably have taken occasion, as the work was passing through the press, to intercalate some sinister previsions, or some cutting censures by which his credit for sagacity and foresight might have been enhanced. But M. de Valbezen informs us, in the paragraph already referred to, that his work was written some two years since, when India was in a state of profound peace; and that he does not set up the slightest pretension to having seen the shadow cast before those terrible trials "which One Above sends unawares to the mighty of the earth, men and nations!" We thus have the advantage of contemplating a picture of our Indian Government (more especially in the Bengal Presidency) at a time immediately anterior to the rebellion, and free from any of that exaggerated colouring which a writer cognizant of recent events might be betrayed into using. Then, again, the picture is drawn by the hand of a foreigner, and taken, accordingly, from a different point of view from our own. In expressing the hope that it may be widely read on the Continent, we are only yielding to an honourable jealousy for the name and fame of our fatherland. Few Englishmen, we trust, will, like Mr. Disraeli, regard the rebellion as a just judgment on unrighteous government; but there may be many Continental readers whose views will be materially modified by the following manly and impartial tribute to the equity of our Civil Service:—

We would not wish to be regarded as thorough-going apologists of the Civil Service of the Honourable East India Company. That its system of education admits of improvement we do not doubt; that some of its members have given sad examples of corruption and incapacity, that others affect the extravagant airs of the Great Mogul, will be readily allowed. We merely affirm that, on the average, as a body, by its integrity, its talent, and experience, it is equal to its task; that never have magistrates of greater integrity, collectors more disinterested, judges more independent, ruled the destinies of native populations; in a word, that the great bulk of the Civil Service is a worthy representative in India of one of the nations that lead the way of European civilization.

It is with an account of the "civil functionaries" that the volume opens. All the branches of the service, from the Court of Directors down to the humblest agents of the police, are set before us with great perspicuity, if not with great fulness of detail. M. de Valbezen does not sympathize with the recent reform which has thrown open the Civil Service to competitive examinations. He looks upon it as nothing more than a timorous concession to the levelling spirit of the age. Certain it is that, amid the tragedies of which India has for the last six months been the theatre, the officers of the Civil Service who owed their appointment to the old system have not shown themselves unworthy of their honourable and arduous responsibilities. Experience will tell whether the new officers, whose lot will probably be cast in more troublous times than their predecessors, and who will have to restore old foundations and to lay new ones, will acquit themselves with greater merit from having entered in through the strait gate of a competitive examination. The evils which attach to the change are thus described by our author:—

Le nouveau système a le grand inconvenienc de rompre des traditions d'honneur, d'expérience, de dévouement à la chose publique, qui se perpétuaient dans un service en quelque sorte héritaire; d'entamer, ne fût-ce que d'une pierre, tout au sommet, ce merveilleux édifice de l'Inde dont les bases sont si fragiles. Il a un plus grand inconvenienc encore, celui de jeter à trois mille lieues de leur pays, au milieu des tentations de l'oisiveté et de la débauche, des jeunes gens qui ne se rattacheront par aucun lien à la communauté Anglo-Indienne, et qui ne seront pas soutenus, au grand jour du combat entre les passions et le devoir, par des affections, des souvenirs de famille, ou les conseils de l'amitié.

M. de Valbezen follows the career of the young candidate for the civil service from Haileybury to Fort William, and from Fort William to such post in the administrative hierarchy as his acquirements may have secured to him. He justly remarks that the increased facility and rapidity of communication with the mother-country have wrought a complete change in the habits of thought and of life among the Anglo-Indians, who no longer regard India as a second home. The *nabobs* and *begums* portrayed in the English novel—"ce reflet souvent exact des idées et des passions populaires"—are gradually becoming extinct. M. de Valbezen is of opinion that the *animus revertendis* which is thus kept alive among Anglo-Indians would seriously impede the efficiency of the public service, by removing from its staff men who are reaching the zenith of their usefulness, were it not that practically some limitations are placed on the indulgence of this feeling, by the inadequacy of the civil salaries to secure a competency on retirement. The civilian is in many cases obliged to send home his children

to England at an early age, to reap the advantages of education and escape the ravages of the climate. These and other expenses incidental to Indian life, make him hesitate before he purchases the delights of a return to England by the sacrifice of the salary attached to his appointment. At the close of the chapter on this subject, M. de Valbezen explains why he has not lent himself—Frenchman though he be—to swell the cry of seditious reformers:—"India must be governed by India and for India, not by England and for England." He considers, in the first place, that in listening to these specious appeals to justice and humanity, not merely the East India Company, but England herself would commit an act of suicide. In the second place, the injustice is far more apparent than real. Apart from infinitesimal exceptions, he considers that no natives are to be met with competent to fill high offices, civil or military. Waiving the question of their energy and acquirements, he conceives that sentiments of truth, of duty, and of honour are wholly unknown to our Indian subjects. "Quiconque a la moindre expérience de ses mœurs l'avouera sans hésiter." Assuredly no one would hesitate now.

The chapter on the civil service is succeeded by one on the Anglo-Indian Army. In spite of their fearless devotion in the hour of danger, M. de Valbezen considers that the officers of that army will not bear comparison with those of any European army, and that the *Times* yielded to a "sentiment de patriotisme inquiet et peu raisonnable," when it proposed that a successor to Lord Raglan should be sought for in one or other of the three Presidencies. He dwells at some length on the notorious evil of impoverishing the staff of regimental officers by drafting off its members to civil employments, or the command of irregular troops. The position of the native officer in an Indian regiment he compares to that of master in our Royal navy. Just as the "master" is responsible for the navigation of the ship, so is the "subadar-major" for the good discipline of the regiment—both, however, being periodically eclipsed by their seniors in the hour of combat or of parade. His remarks are chiefly applicable to the Bengal army, but an appendix gives the statistics of the forces throughout the whole of India, from returns which bear the date of January, 1856. As M. de Valbezen passes on from the native to the Queen's troops, his enthusiasm waxes eloquent; and his heart burns within him as he passes under review those glorious *fasti* in our military annals which follow one another in close succession from Plassey to Chillianwallah. Yet greater in his eyes than the valour of the Queen's troops in the field are their habits of patient obedience and endurance amid all the privations, hardships, and dangers of a perilous climate. The rate of mortality, which in England is 15 per 1000, rises in Bengal (among European troops) to 7 per cent. It is a curious fact that, while the Madras Presidency is most favourable to the health of European troops, the mortality among the native forces is double that of Bengal. M. de Valbezen accounts for it by remarking that the regiments of the latter Presidency are recruited from men of high caste, who religiously abstain from fermented liquors; while the soldiers of Madras, being taken from the lowest castes, give themselves up to intemperance.

We have left ourselves little room to notice one of the most interesting chapters in the volume—that on schools, and education generally. The writer shows a marvellous familiarity—marvellous, that is, for a foreigner—with the nature of those influences which have been brought to bear on the evangelization of British India and the education of the natives, by that religious body in this country which takes up its headquarters at Exeter Hall. Extremely sensible are his remarks on the manner in which the higher education administered to the natives under the auspices of Government, is neutralized by those debasing influences with which the Hindoo is surrounded outside the walls of the classroom, amid his social and domestic circles. Perhaps the succeeding chapter on Crime and Punishment in India—recounting, as it does, the tendencies to fiendish ferocity which are ingrained in the unwharted dispositions of the natives—gives us the best possible commentary on the horrible deeds which have made desolate so many British hearths. The reader will hasten over two chapters, however instructive, on the Commerce and Finances of India, in order to accompany M. de Valbezen to Delhi, Agra, and Lucknow—places which are now the theme of every Englishman's thoughts, and the theatre of events of which we await the issue with breathless anxiety. On the whole, there is more than enough in this volume to arouse the curiosity of the most languid mind; and the author's name will long be cherished by English readers for the honourable tribute he everywhere pays to the heroism, integrity, and perseverance of the English character, which constitute our greatest solace in the present gloomy episode of our Indian Empire.

ELIZABETH DE VALOIS.*

If the title-page of this work does not foretell a tragic narrative, the contents are sufficiently mournful to warrant such a presage. It is the history of a young, beautiful, and intelligent woman, a victim to the etiquette of the most punctilious

of Courts, surrounded by a discordant household, and married to a husband who, although attached and considerate to her, was naturally one of the most absorbed, gloomy, and unsympathizing of mankind. Yet these volumes will be read with interest, both on their heroine's account and because they exhibit Philip under a singularly favourable aspect. We do not know whether the period of his union with Elizabeth de Valois was the happiest of his life, but it certainly was the period during which the good that was in him was most active and apparent. The youth, beauty, and discretion of his Queen touched and mollified his dark soul, and created beneath the ribs of religious bigotry, political intrigue, and Royal formalism, a living heart of affection. In these volumes Philip is not merely a State machine or a Grand Inquisitor misplaced on a throne, but a man whom we can sometimes like, and with whom we occasionally sympathize.

If masques, pageants, and banquetings contribute to the happiness of the young, the French Court, in the reign of Henry II., was well calculated to render youth happy, or at least gay. As yet, the fires of religious war had scarcely broken forth; and the great party feuds which, a few years later, rent in twain the Most Christian monarchy, had not added political passions to theological virulence. If the nation was heavily taxed to supply the luxury of the Court, it was generally prosperous and content. The rural magnates still lived during the greater portion of the year on their estates, and expended in the country towns, and among the peasantry, the revenues they derived from the soil. Elizabeth de Valois, however, enjoyed but for a brief season either the gaiety of the Court or the cheerfulness of the country. To unite France and Spain by ties stronger than parchment treaties, had long been the object of their respective rulers; and the eldest daughter of Henry II. was the victim offered upon the altar of State policy. Her betrothal at the age of thirteen to a man considerably her senior, and whose two former marriages had been mere State compacts, first cast a shadow over her youth; for Elizabeth could not love a man whom she had never seen except in the miniature suspended on her neck, and whom, from his reputation as a cold, jealous, and unfaithful husband, she had much cause to dread. And from the moment of her betrothal to her early death, the shadows went on deepening. Hardly had she received from the rigid Alva, Philip's proxy, the ring of espousal, when the funeral dirge of her father jarred on the music of the marriage-bells. The sudden death of the monarch, by throwing all real power for a while into the hands of Catherine de Medici and the Guises, stimulated the Bourbon party to fresh intrigues; and when, soon afterwards, the widow of Henry and the Cardinal of Lorraine became jealous of each other, France was divided into three factions, equally alert in their movements and equally unscrupulous in their plots and counterplots. The mourning for the King was celebrated, on the part of the young Queen of Spain, by weeks of dreary seclusion, in which her sole companion was her restless mother, who held her breviary in one hand, and in the other the threads of a tissue of intrigues. Next—for her bridegroom would brook no longer delay—came a no less dreary journey in mid-winter from Paris to Valladolid, encumbered by inexorable ceremonials as soon as the bride had passed the Spanish frontier, and by a troop of courtiers and attendants who united only in one purpose—that of quarrelling with the Spaniards who guided them on their route. With no pleasing anticipations of her spouse to relieve the tedium of the journey, Elizabeth's heart naturally clung to her native land. What she had seen of Paris, and what she heard of Madrid, alike tended to impress upon her the conviction that she was passing from sunlight into shade. Against the stiff solemnities of her new household she guarded—providently, no doubt, in her own opinion—by requiring the attendance of a numerous French suite; but her precautions, in the end, increased her discomfort, for the French despised the silence and stiffness of the Spaniards, and the Spaniards beheld nothing but levity and indecorum in the manners of the French. We confess to pitying the alarm of the French ambassador, Chantonnay, on reading the schedule of the persons and the baggage thought necessary for her journey by Elizabeth. Doubtless we have all been occasionally surprised, and some of us have been sorely inconvenienced in our travels by land and water, by the abundance and variety of ladies' luggage. But if we have suffered from rods in this respect, Chantonnay was plagued by scorpions; and, inasmuch as he really accomplished the task of packing, conveying, and delivering safely the bride's *impedimenta*, we cannot help regarding him as a person whose generalship is not sufficiently commended by historians. The following were the articles which Catherine de Medici considered indispensable for her daughter:—Two chief ladies of honour, one of whom, Madame de Clermont-Lodéve, was a confirmed vixen—eight maids of honour, and four bed-chamber women, besides a favourite tire-woman, Claude Nau—all three chaplains, a French confessor, and Elizabeth's old preceptor, the Abbé St. Etienne. André de Vermont was nominated her maître d'hôtel. Her physician in ordinary was accompanied by a surgeon and two apothecaries; and besides these there were a numerous suite of gentlemen of the bed-chamber, gentlemen-ushers, valets de chambre, a treasurer of the household, a treasurer of the privy-purse, a band of musicians, and last and least, a dwarf. "All these and more came flocking," for it would be beneath the dignity of history to enumerate such subordinate persons as private secretaries, cooks, scullions, and wardrobe-keepers.

* *Elizabeth de Valois, Queen of Spain, and the Court of Philip II.* From numerous unpublished sources, in the Archives of France, Italy, and Spain. By Martha Walker Freer, Author of the "Life of Marguerite d'Angoulême, and the Life of Jeanne d'Albret, Queens of Navarre." London: Hurst and Blackett. 1857.

Although Philip himself turned out better than his bride had anticipated, her matrimonial pillow was not stuffed with roses. The French attendants on princesses of the blood, whether Valois or Bourbon, were notorious for shrill voices and pugnacious tempers. The earliest, and, indeed, almost the only bickerings between Charles I. and Henrietta were caused by the latter's waiting men and women; nor until the king, uxorious as he was, peremptorily ejected them from his kingdom, did he enjoy a quiet hour. It is true that while the English Puritans looked jealously at this band of papists at Whitehall, French and Spaniards of both sexes went to mass without scruple or gainsaying. But their harmony ceased the moment they left the church. *Camaréa mayor*, the Countess de Uruena, whom Philip set over his consort's household, could not agree with Madame de Clermont-Lodéve. There was pulling of caps and gowns about who should, and who should not, ride in the Queen's litter; and the Spanish ushers sometimes were fain to drag out of the state carriages the French ladies of honour, with small consideration for ruff or fardingale. At length Philip dismissed, at one fell swoop, two-thirds of these intractable folks; but the remaining third, which, at his queen's urgent intercession, he suffered to stay in Spain, was quite numerous enough to breed infinite discomfort. And even after the Transpyreneans were packed off, there were plenty of pretty quarrels in hand to disturb the peace of Philip, his realm, his household, and his bride. There cannot be a greater mistake than to imagine that a despotic Government ensures unanimity in those who crouch beneath it. A more rigid, prying, insatiable despot than Philip II. can hardly be conceived. He inspected, prescribed, and interfered with every thing, from the affairs of a province to the fashion of a petticoat. Yet, beneath the crust of formalism, raged lava-fires of family and personal discord. There was the Alva faction and the Mendoza faction, and each sought alternately to cajole and terrify the poor queen. The confusion in King Agramante's camp was nothing, Cervantes says, in comparison with the general *mélée* in the La-Mancha Inn, where the barber pummeled Sancho, Sancho the barber, Don Ferrando kicked the tiptaff, the tiptaff took Don Quixote by the beard, while the runaway lad, Don Luis, thrashed his father's groom. Miss Freer's description of the doings in Philip's household might have furnished the novelist with a second comparison, which would have been equally to the point.

The portions of these volumes that relate to Don Carlos and his youthful stepmother will perhaps prove the more interesting to the general reader. Romance has somewhat feloniously laid hands on a story with which it has really nothing to do. Philip may not have been an attractive husband, but his son would have been a repulsive lover, having neither mental nor personal qualities to recommend him. The only solution of his extravagances is, that he inherited the malady of his grandmother Juanna—*La Loca*, or Mad Jane. The prince whom Schiller and Alfieri have taken for hero was, in fact, a maniac. That Philip was in any way accessory to his death, even though he had abundant reason for apprehending personal violence from his son, is a suspicion as groundless as that Tiberius held a cup of poison to his son Drusus. A weak body, a turbid mind, impatience of necessary restraint, fierce animal passions, combined with paroxysms of acute disease—probably epilepsy—will account, without the intervention of arsenic, for the brief life of this unhappy prince. That Philip, again, entertained no suspicion of any attachment between Don Carlos and Elizabeth, beyond what was strictly warranted by their relations as stepson and mother, is proved both by the tenderness with which he veiled his son's vices in his lifetime, and honoured his remains in death, and by his undeviating affection for his wife. His dark, suspicious spirit would have been little likely to overlook an offence, or even an imprudence, which the poorest Castilian hidalgo, as Spain then was, would have avenged with blood. Miss Freer has, in our opinion, disposed for ever of this idle rumour, which first took root in Holland, where the King's name was necessarily odious, and afterwards flourished in France, where scandal has rarely been unwelcome.

The life of Elizabeth, if not actually unhappy after marriage, was overcast with many troubles, partly arising from the atmosphere of dissension which she breathed, and partly from the ungenial clime of ceremony and observance into which, at a tender age, she was transplanted. And even after death, rest seemed denied to her remains. Thrice were her bones transferred from one pompous mausoleum to another, and thrice the solemn service for the dead was performed over them with all the solemnity which the Roman Church so effectively provides for its more illustrious children. Those who like to read of ceremonies and pageantry, of youth wearied by the hollow pleasures of a Court, or saddened by the ascetic severities of religion, or of the pomps and vanities with which royalty surrounded itself in the sixteenth century, will do well to consult Miss Freer's record of Elizabeth de Valois. The heroine of the narrative, being little more than an automaton of State, is less interesting than the accomplished Marguerite d'Angoulême, or the "man-minded" Jeanne d'Albret. Nevertheless, these volumes are, on the whole, agreeably written, and will not detract from the authoress's well-earned reputation.

GUY LIVINGSTONE.*

GUY LIVINGSTONE is a hero of the iron kind, unequalled for strength of body, will, and temper—in boxing and riding a demigod to his sporting set, and heroically and Byronically overbearing and insolent to the world in general. At school, he distinguishes himself as a lower boy, by marking for life the face of one of the upper boys—a young *roturier*, who attempts to bully him. At college, he still more highly distinguishes himself by thrashing a prize-fighter in a "Town and Gown." Subsequently, as Guardsman and Squire, he rides horses which nobody else can ride, and otherwise develops that "sternness and decision about the lips and lower part of the face" which, of course, is curiously traceable in all the portraits of his ancestors, from Sir Malise, surnamed Poing de Fer, downwards, as they hang on the walls of his manor-house of Kerton. He flirts deeply with the sensuous Flora Bellasys. He, at the same time, falls in love with, and becomes engaged to, the saintly Constance Brandon. The saintly Constance does not play, with all the judgment that might be desired, the very difficult fish which she has hooked; and the consequence is, that one evening, emerging from behind the camellias of a conservatory, she surprises the ardent Guy kissing the sensuous Flora Bellasys. The enamoured and revengeful Flora had resolved to defeat her rival, and had achieved her dark purpose by means of a rapturous waltz—Guy's "wassail" with his old mess having previously been "deep." A rupture with Constance Brandon, a rush to the Continent, mad efforts to forget the dark past in gambling and drinking with a baddish set, are the deplorable results. Constance, who is still deeply in love with Guy, stoops to write to him; but the note is intercepted by his valet, who has been bribed by Flora Bellasys. A second note (the perfidious valet having been dismissed) finds its way, and informs Guy that Constance is at Ventnor, dying of consumption, and desires to see him before she expires. He rushes to her, and she dies almost in his arms, after pledging him not to marry her rival—an achievement which is intended as a crowning proof and triumph of her saintliness, though a censorious world might attribute it to the inspirations of the natural woman. Henceforth Guy is, or is intended to be, a changed man, his iron nature being softened by what has passed. He only collars a cheating Neapolitan, instead of smashing him. He takes into his yacht some fishermen who would otherwise have been lost, whereas previously he had, on principle, left everybody to shift for themselves, and would not have put out a hand to save a Shakespeare from drowning. He spares Cyril Brandon, the brother of Constance, when he insults him for having been the death of his sister, and only crushes a silver cup, to show how he could have annihilated the offender. He even, after meeting with a fatal accident, goes so far as to speak civilly to a "whip;" but this seems to be taken by his friends as evidence that his case is a bad one. He still rides his "great raking chesnut," the Axeine (so called from his aversion to all strange riders), and with that chesnut he one day rolls over a stiff rail, and injures his spine, whereof he dies, heroically enduring great pain, and leaving Kerton to his mother, Lady Catherine Livingstone, for life, with remainder in fee to the supposed narrator of his story—who appears to be the feeble and intellectual Pylades of this Orestes of the sporting world.

There is a subordinate plot which does not blend very well with the main plot. Guy Livingstone's favourite cousin, Miss Isabella Raymond, is engaged to Mr. John Bruce, the choice of her diplomatic parents, but she is in love with Charles Forrester, the great friend of Guy Livingstone. Guy contrives the elopement of the lovers from his own house, in which Mr. Bruce is then an unwelcome and insulted guest. This might seem a breach of good faith and hospitality; but Mr. Bruce is ill made, and has reddish hair, shoots execrably, and does not hunt. He is desperately in love with Isabel, and it seems would be glad to beggar himself (though he is fond of money) if his love could be returned. But what are the feelings of a bad rider with reddish hair? Nature has marked him out as an object of abhorrence and contumely. Who can be surprised if a man whose "bag" after a day's shooting is "a hare and a hen," and who can no more ride over a ditch than Wilberforce or Howard, ends by committing a cowardly and atrocious murder on the person of his successful rival in love, and escapes the hangman only by going mad?

The novel also has a sort of second hero in the person of Ralph Mohun, a character of the dark and terrible order. He runs away with another man's wife, waiting in England, however, for some time in order that he may have the opportunity, as a crack shot, of putting a bullet through the husband—a desire with which his chronicler seems rather to sympathize. The husband not thinking proper to be murdered, Ralph is obliged to content himself with "horribly mangling" an Austrian officer who hints that the fair fugitive is no better than she ought to be. Upon the same quarrel he kills Horace Levinge, the amiable son of a Jew prize-fighter, after a very lively explanation in a gambling-house at Paris. This duel is very excitingly told, and gives the author the opportunity of letting us see that he has experienced in his own person the sensations of a duellist. Let us hope the affair was not of a fatal character, but only one of those morning parades in which a softer age pays a nominal deference to the sanguinary

* *Guy Livingstone; or, Thorough.* London: John W. Parker and Son. 1857.

morality of former times. An episode in which Ralph, in his lonely Irish chateau, defeats with ghastly carnage an attack of Ribbonmen, is spirited, but it is rather a reminiscence improved than a happy invention.

The novel is altogether a mixture of *Harry Lorrequer* and *The Heir of Redclyffe*, and the *Harry Lorrequer* parts are decidedly the strongest. Fox-hunting, steeple-chasing, shooting, and sporting society in all its phases, the author evidently has studied from real life. Moral and spiritual development, we should say, he had not studied from real life, but rather in the pale reflection of works of fiction—though, being evidently a thoroughly clever man, he makes more out of that pale reflection than others would have done. Guy is not really a changed man after the death of Constance Brandon—he proves that he is not by the spirit in which he pursues the wretched Bruce, wholly unconscious of the fact that he is himself partly to blame for the crime Bruce has committed, and thirsting obviously not for justice, but for vengeance. The novel is essentially a sporting novel, with a spiritual ending suggested by the taste of the age, and forming a graceful tribute to the wide-spread influence of Miss Yonge. The only successful part of it, besides the sporting, is the description of fast, not to say sensual, love, as exhibited between Guy and Flora Bellasy. The more spiritual love of Guy for Constance Brandon is the shadow of a shade. But in its way the book is thoroughly clever, lively, and altogether readable, and even, as a study of a certain kind of life and character, instructive. The writer is not a mere fox-hunter or worshipper of fox-hunters, but a cultivated man, well read in various, and not least in classical, literature, with a style decidedly more artistic than that of novelists in general, and full—too full—of point and literary and historical allusion. Real wit plays over the pages. For example, of a man of the world, whose daughter has eloped:—“Raymond appeared at his club and elsewhere with a face so impenetrably cheerful and complacent that his bitterest friend dared not venture on a condolence.” And of “scent” we read—“Let us do our sisters justice—there is one thing in nature more uncertain and capricious than the whims of womankind.” You are rather bored by the perpetual introduction of sporting allusions, which looks almost like the anxious ostentation of a man dubious of his claim to be considered a genuine member of the sporting world. When Guy Livingstone, in a parting interview with the discarded Flora Bellasy, shows very little consideration for the softer feelings of that guilty but injured damsel, we are told in excuse that “it was just as with him when riding to hounds, he went as straight as a line, and if he did not spare his horses, he certainly did not himself.” Because he rode straight across country, he could not help riding straight across a young lady’s feelings! She should have begged him to whip off, as she was a vixen.

In addition to other merits of the book, it is *in one volume*—a consequence and an indication of unusually careful writing and an artistic power of compression, partly derived from a high classical education. We wish some popular novelists would take the lesson—they would live the longer, though they would not sell so well.

LECTURES ON ROMAN HUSBANDRY.*

WE have expressed more than once the interest with which we regard the development of professorial teaching at Oxford and Cambridge, and we hail with great satisfaction every new indication of well-directed activity in the distinguished men who occupy so many of our University chairs. We are fully aware that the cry which resounded five or six years ago for more lectures and more examination subjects, was founded on a very imperfect appreciation of the true requirements of the highest education. With our present plethora of books, oral instruction cannot be expected to recover its ancient pre-eminence; and amidst the infinite variety of modern sciences, it is more important to concentrate the interest of youth upon the few than attempt to dissipate it among the many. We have looked therefore, not to lectures drawing crowded audiences, nor to examinations thronged with frivolous smatterers, but to the occasional appearance of the fruit of the Professor’s personal devotion to his subject, in the shape of published volumes, such as a man with a reputation for special acquirements, dwelling amidst a critical society and in an atmosphere of learning, should think worthy of himself and of his science. A man, however learned and ingenious, will often be careless in his lectures, especially if the lectures are obligatory—addressed as they must be to a class of uninformed learners, predisposed to acquiesce and to admire; but he will think twice before he commits his ideas spontaneously to print, and invites the masters in his own science to take the place of hearers through the agency of the press. He will not be content with reflecting the state of knowledge as it already exists on his subject, but will make it a point of honour to show himself capable of extending and advancing it.

In the volume before us, Dr. Daubeny has published a course of lectures which he had previously delivered to a class in the University of more than average numbers, and which he may naturally think qualified, from its subject, to attract a considerable circle of readers among men of learning both in the University and beyond it. It comprises a clear, and generally a

spirited sketch of what remains to us of the writings of the Romans on the subject of husbandry as practised among themselves. The treatises of Cato, Varro, Columella, and Palladius—the *Scriptores Rei Rusticae*, as they are collectively entitled—occupy, with the annotations deemed necessary for their elucidation, four of the bulkiest octavos on the shelves of the classical scholar. The library of Roman agriculture is completed by the *Georgics* of Virgil and three books of Pliny’s *Natural History*; and these together give us a very complete picture of the cultivation at least of Italy throughout the period most interesting to us—the two centuries next before, and the first century after, the Christian era. The work, indeed, of Palladius belongs to a period as late as the fourth century; but it is rather a repetition of the precepts of the older writers than an exposition of the actual practice of his own time.

Corn and cattle are the two great branches of modern husbandry; but this was by no means the case with the husbandry of Latium and Italy in ancient times. The vineyard, according to Cato, is the most important part of the farm—next, the garden of herbs—then, the osier bed, from which the fences and penfolds and some implements of the farm were to be made—fourthly, the olive-plantation—fifthly, the meadow-land, or pasture for cattle—sixthly, the arable land—seventhly, the timber—eighthly, the shrubbery—ninthly and lastly, the oaks, on account of the acorns they yield for the sustenance of swine. It does not appear that the later writers differ materially from this view; and if Virgil in his *Georgics* devotes one book to cattle and horses, and another to corn, it will be remembered that he bestows no less a share of his attention upon his plantations and his bees. The reader will be interested perhaps in the explanation we have to offer of so striking a difference between the economy of the ancients and the moderns.

First, as regards cattle. We may be startled at finding that Columella goes so far beyond even Cato and Virgil in this particular, as to say that some respectable husbandmen in his time wished to have nothing to do with live stock at all, and recommended dispensing altogether with the aid of cattle in agriculture. They would cultivate the soil with the spade, and they would not expect to feel much the loss of manure; for, with scanty crops and short straw, the Roman husbandmen were accustomed to look more to the restoration of the soil by rest than to forcing it by artificial dressing. It is curious, however, to note that the agriculturist could so easily forego the profits to be derived from the breeding of sheep and oxen. But this is not the only circumstance from which we are led to believe that the Romans made little use of cattle for food. The fattening of cattle for this specific purpose seems to have been quite unknown to them. Their writers, amidst all their minute details on almost every part of rural economy, give us no directions whatever upon this subject. But more than this—we may search in vain through all the remains of Roman antiquity for any indication that beef and mutton constituted an element in the consumption of the people generally. Pliny mentions the use of beef, roasted, or in the shape of broth, as a medicine, but not as an article of diet. Plautus indeed speaks of it, as well as of mutton, as sold in the markets; but amidst the immense variety of fish, flesh, and fowl referred to as commodities of consumption by the Roman writers, their almost total silence on articles which we are accustomed to consider the staple food of all classes, and the want of any specific name for either of them, shows how very little account was made of them in the economy of the Roman larder. Fish and game, poultry, venison, and pork are often mentioned as elements of a luxurious banquet, but undoubtedly the common food of all classes was vegetable, flavoured with lard or bacon; and to the consuls of the early republic, bread “cut with a hammy knife” would be often a luxury. In this particular, at least, there was a great decline from the heroic ages. The warriors of Homer waxed strong and mighty on roast beef; but Regulus and Cincinnatus “filled themselves,” as Mr. Macaulay would say, with beans and bacon. The cattle slain in sacrifice furnished, we must suppose, a special banquet for the epicure. Such perhaps were among the peculiar delicacies of the “Suppers of the Pontiffs.”

No doubt both sheep and oxen were sedulously reared, but not generally for food. They were articles of great, but still not, as with us, of primary importance. Milk and cheese, both from cows and ewes, were in great request. The latter was consumed probably in much greater quantities, and made in more variety, than among ourselves. But both leather and wool entered more largely into clothing among the ancients than with us. In the absence of cotton, and the rarity of silk and flax, the fleece of the sheep more especially became an article of universal use, and the conversion of the diminutive farms of Latium into illimitable sheep-walks was one of the first and most necessary consequences of the conquest of Italy, and the obliteration of the ancient bounds of petty States and sovereignties. But while vast droves of sheep and oxen pastured alternately in winter and summer on the long sweeping tracts of plain and mountain, the owner of a private farm of fifty or a hundred acres only was placed at a great disadvantage in breeding them, and it was very natural for the farmers of whom Columella speaks to withdraw as much as they conveniently could from the unequal competition.

Secondly, as regards corn, it may seem still more startling to

* *Lectures on Roman Husbandry.* By Charles Daubeny, M.D., Professor of Botany, &c., in the University of Oxford. Oxford: J. H. Parker and Co. 1857.

find this produce placed sixth in the scale of importance in a Roman farm. We must consider, however, first, that the nobler grains, such as wheat, and even barley, were not in so much request among the early Romans as beans and vetches, pulse and lentils, inasmuch as the cultivation of them was more expensive, more precarious, and less adapted to the spade husbandry of their minute holdings. Again, it must be observed that, with the first extension of private ownership or occupation over the conquered lands beyond the immediate limits of the *Ager Romanus*, came in the fatal employment of slave labour, which all antiquity agreed was unsuited to the production of corn. Corn growing, every patriot and philosopher proclaimed, was a noble science, ill adapted to the rude hands of the ignorant, the reckless, the "desperate" among men. It was worthy of the attention of the best and wisest of free men, and could not fail to degenerate under the sons of slavery. And yet, early as this truth was discovered, and fully as it was understood, the Romans seem to have been impelled, partly by a blind misconception of their immediate interest, but much more by an inevitable necessity, to multiply their slaves, and depreciate in proportion the value of their farms. As soon as the "occupation" of the Roman noble extended beyond his little plot of seven jugera—about four acres—which he was permitted to possess in ownership, to larger and remoter tracts of public land, he adopted the system of cultivation still so common in the North of Italy, in which the landlord finds a certain proportion of the outlay, and the tenant hands over to him the produce, receiving a fixed proportion for his own maintenance. Now, while in modern times the metayer, as he is called, is allowed to appropriate generally one half of the produce, we learn from Cato that the Roman landlord in his time allowed his "partiarius" or "politor" not more than one-fifth. The petty greed of the Romans was always a great failing in their character. They exercised it with pernicious consequences too often in their dealings with their customers and debtors, but never perhaps more fatally than in thus grinding the cultivators of their land, the legitimate partners in their profits. The destruction or degradation of this class of men would lead the way to the substitution of mere slaves in their place; and then would follow the decline of all the more delicate branches of husbandry, which required intelligence, industry, and goodwill in the cultivator.

But this process of the substitution of slave for free labour was fearfully accelerated by the peculiar circumstances of the Roman people. Their constant wars drained them of their free labourers. The conscription ever hanging over them, and threatening to carry off the bailiff from the desk and the labourer from the plough, impelled them to place, both at the one and the other, human chattels from whom the recruiting officer turned away with contempt. Wars waged by the strong hand of Italian freedmen were crowned with the easy capture of timid Greeks and Orientals, and the vicious circle was speedily completed. The depression of the free labouring population resulted in the filling of the country with inadequate substitutes, and the land was withdrawn from cultivation in corn, because corn under these circumstances soon ceased to be a profitable produce. This ruinous result—for such it was soon found, and loudly and repeatedly, though in vain, proclaimed to be—had already commenced in the time of Cato, a century and a half before the overthrow of the Republic. Already the effective cultivation of the Roman soil had evidently declined; and the deficiency in the cereal crops of Latium and the districts nearest to Rome was supplied, more or less regularly, by a tribute in corn levied upon more productive regions of the peninsula, or upon Sicily, the granary of the Republic under Scipio and Cato. The suicidal effects of this policy were pointed out almost as soon as it was introduced; but the circumstances under which it began were too strong to permit of withdrawing from it, and the same fatal practice of supplying the markets of Rome and the Italian cities from Sicily, Sardinia, Gaul, Spain, Africa, and Egypt, went on at an accelerated rate from the Republic to the Empire, till Italy at last gave up the production altogether of the staple food of her population.

Hence we may account for the less importance attached, even at an early period, to the cultivation of corn in the Roman farm, as compared with the production of wine and oil, honey and garden-stuff. Hence, also, we may understand why the husbandry of the Romans continued stationary for centuries, with no improvement in its implements or its processes—why the attention of Columella and Pliny is directed chiefly to enforcing the precepts already delivered by Cato and Varro—why they strive to arrest the apparent decline of agriculture, which they ascribed, with Virgil, to a principle of decay inherent in all human arts (*sic omnia satis in pejus ruere*), by recurring again and again to the recorded wisdom of the ancients, and the traditional usages of Italian husbandry.

But the writers above referred to speak, it must be remembered, of Italy, perhaps of a part of Italy only. The picture of agriculture under Roman dominion has another side. It can hardly be doubted that the system under which the arable lands of Latium and Campania were reduced to forest or sheep-walk, brought into full cultivation for corn the plains and slopes of the surrounding provinces. This, unfortunately, is a branch of the subject on which we have absolutely no direct information. No writer has told us what was the state of husbandry in the countries which supplied Rome and the other great cities of the

Empire with grain. We know, however, that the staple produce of Egypt and Africa, and the islands of the Mediterranean, was received in large quantities in lieu of tribute and taxation—that large quantities, also, were bought by the government at fair remunerating prices; and hence we may suppose that a great stimulus was given to production, and that great wealth accrued to the provincial producers. Agriculture, no doubt, was in a more healthy state there than in Italy. There was a smaller supply of slave-labour in the provinces—the harvests were sown and reaped by freemen, and were accordingly far more abundant and far more remunerative. We know that the Roman capitalists were anxious to invest in provincial soil—a preference which Trajan and other Emperors tried in vain to check by legislative enactments. But this is a part of the political economy of the ancient world which lies in the deepest obscurity. We can do no more than indicate it as a subject worthy of research—one which Niebuhr, though first brought into public life as a financier, and believing himself gifted with special insight into the mysteries of the science, has never, in his History or his Lectures, once touched upon—one which De la Malle, though professing to devote a long and elaborate work to the political economy of Rome, has passed over without comment. Sir Archibald Alison, indeed, has rushed in where his able predecessors have abstained from treading. His views may be well worthy of consideration; but they are founded chiefly upon *a priori* reasoning, and we desire a treatise which shall fairly bring together and compare all the facts, and indications of fact, remaining to us, before building up the inferences which they may be calculated to sustain. We recommend the state of the corn-growing provinces of the Roman empire as a subject of lectures to the Professors of Political Economy at our great seats of classical learning.

TUCKER'S UNITED STATES.*

NO subject can combine greater general with greater special interest than the History of the United States, for no other affords so much general political experience, or so much special instruction to Englishmen. The United States not only show us the features of our own national character reproduced on a large, perhaps on an exaggerated scale, but they exhibit the tendency of some parts at least of our own institutions, exemplified under combinations of the most novel and various kind. They show what English people have a tendency to become, when they are by circumstances compelled to confine themselves to commerce, to agriculture, or to hunting—to the pursuits appropriate to backwoodsmen, to a slaveholding aristocracy, or to the inhabitants of cities which bid fair, before the present generation is extinct, to rival London and Paris in population and wealth. But apart from the special interest which Englishmen must feel in such a spectacle, the United States afford more curious materials for the studies of political inquirers than any other part of the world. Not only are there very considerable differences between the local institutions of the separate States, and especially between those which do and those which do not tolerate slavery, but the central Government itself is by far the most singular political phenomenon which the civilized world affords. The durability of a union of so many States, each of which is in extent equal to a great nation, the skill with which the relative powers of the federal and local Governments are distributed, and the amount of happiness to the human race which has been produced by the exclusion of war, and the perfect recognition of a common interest over so large a proportion of the earth's surface, are certainly among the greatest triumphs which political skill and foresight have as yet to boast.

The history of such a subject would tax the powers of the very greatest genius. If we could hope to see united in one person the intellect, the weight, the artistic power of arrangement, and the indefatigable industry of Thucydides, Tacitus, and Gibbon, we might expect a history of the United States really worthy of them. It must, however, be confessed that the value of such a work would only be equalled by its difficulty. There is no unity or sequence in the history of the United States. Vast as is the whole, and vast, in one sense, as are the parts, the particular class of facts which are generally considered to constitute the history of a country are, in this case, not very conspicuous nor very plentiful. The greatness of the American Republic may be said to be eminently unhistorical, according to the views which have hitherto been taken of the character of history. The history of ancient Rome presents a long and connected series of foreign wars and of domestic revolutions. The little cloud no bigger than a man's hand grows before our eyes till it covers the whole heaven. The history of modern England or France is even more picturesque. The gradual development of compact and powerful nations, attacked on all sides by every sort of hostile influence, and the internal struggle carried on for many centuries between men animated by the most opposite views and interests, could not fail to produce events of the most striking kind; and accordingly, in each of these cases war and politics furnish the principal topics of history. Of late years we have discovered that such histories, however well executed,

* *The History of the United States, from their Colonization to the end of the 26th Congress in 1841.* By George Tucker. Vols. I.—III. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Co. London: Trübner and Co. 1856—7.

convey only a very small part of the knowledge which we should wish to obtain about the nations to which they apply. We have learnt to appreciate the vast historical importance, not only of the physical conditions under which a people exist, but also of a vast number of circumstances of a narrow and private character. The extent of our demands upon history is much enlarged by the enormous mass of contemporary annals which the ephemeral literature of the day—newspapers, magazines, reviews, journals, travels, and even novels—lays before us daily and hourly. We feel that an ideal historian ought to place before us some such vivid picture of the men and the events of past times as the newspapers give us of our own. Several attempts have been made to satisfy this wish, Mr. Macaulay being hitherto by far the greatest artist of the kind. They have all, at least in our opinion, failed, on account of the immense difficulty of distinguishing between details which are characteristic and those which are merely amusing, and because it is a hopeless task to give unity and continuity to the prodigious mass of isolated incidents out of which the story is ultimately to be educed.

In one most important particular, the difficulties which attend the enterprise of writing in an adequate manner the history of the nations of the old world, do not affect historians of the United States. One part of their task has the advantage of possessing a very distinct unity, and very broad features. It is the history of the physical progress of the country. In every part of Europe the enclosure, the partition, and the cultivation of the country are so ancient and have been so gradual, that all opinions about their origin, their progress, and the original contracts or institutions which made them possible, are matters of speculation. America is the only country in the world in which such subjects can be brought within the province of authentic history; and the steps by which, in a very short space of time, habitation for about 30,000,000 of civilized men have been prepared in what so lately were wild forests and desert prairies, are so well marked and so easily ascertainable as to give to the story a sort of epic dignity. To take this as the great feature of the history—to make politics, in the stricter sense of the word, subordinate to it, and to show how marvellously both local and central institutions were fitted for that which was to be their peculiar and characteristic task, and how deeply the whole character of the people has been penetrated by it—appears to us to be clearly the course which events have marked out for the historians of the United States.

We have been led into these general considerations as to what a history of the United States ought to be rather by the defects than by the merits of Mr. Tucker's book. It is, in fact, little more than an abstract of various debates in Congress from the time of the War of Independence till the year 1829, together with short notices of the principal events of the two wars which have taken place between the United States and this country. It is impossible not to feel, after reading it, that we know very little more of the United States than we did before, though it may certainly enable persons previously ignorant of the subject to obtain, at a rather high price in time and labour, a tolerably fair outline of the history of American parties, and a conception, which will no doubt be strange to many, of the apparent smallness of some of the most intrinsically important events that ever happened in the world.

With regard to the domestic politics of the United States, that which strikes an Englishman's attention most forcibly is the fact that the politics of Congress are entirely distinct from those of the individual States. The comparison between Congress and Parliament is one which has a constant tendency to mislead. The functions of the former are so much narrower than those of the latter—the body which it represents is so much less homogeneous, and so much more divided in interest and feeling—that, as a matter of necessity, party-spirit runs much higher in America than amongst us. There are so few questions to be settled, so many persons are interested in various ways in their settlement, and the great objects of civil society can be so fully provided for by the various State Governments, even though the action of Congress should be paralysed, that the responsibility of party politicians is very much weaker in the States than in England. If the dissensions of Parliament went beyond a certain point, every member of the community would feel the bad results in the diminished security of his own person and property. But the most desperate struggles which could take place in Congress, however they might compromise the character of the Confederation, either at home or abroad, would leave untouched by far the greater part of the Government of the country. This circumstance enhances the value of the substantial forbearance and good sense which the States have shown towards each other, notwithstanding the occasional displays of violence which have disgraced them. Several instances of this might be cited from the history of the period covered by Mr. Tucker's book, but we will confine ourselves to one or two. The key to the whole of the politics of the States for the first forty years of their independent existence is to be found in the views which the Federalists and the Republicans respectively took of England and France. Nothing could be more powerful than the sympathies of the two parties with the respective objects of their admiration; yet when the Republican party, during the presidency of Jefferson, was at the head of affairs, they submitted to what must have been to them most painful and humiliating treatment from England for several years together, rather than involve the country in a war—and that at a time when they were repeatedly taunted in the bitterest manner

with their subservience to France, as shown in their hostility to this country. The apparent bravado and real moderation of Jefferson's administration afford a very instructive illustration of American politics. The history of the Hartford Convention offers another proof of the solidity of the basis upon which the American Union reposes. After long submitting in patience to the annihilation of the trade which was almost their only means of subsistence, the New England States had recourse to the measure of appointing delegates to an assembly, the objects of which are still enveloped in a certain degree of obscurity, but which was substantially intended to act as an intimation that the States represented in it would no longer endure the sacrifices which the war entailed upon them. That intimation was one of the most important of the various causes which produced the peace of Ghent, and this may seem at first sight a proof of the fragility of the Confederation. Rightly viewed, it proves the very reverse; for it shows not only the great amount of suffering which six or seven sovereign States were willing to endure for the common cause, but the efficiency of the means which they possessed for putting forward their views, even when they tended to the most extreme consequences, in a perfectly peaceable manner.

The foreign policy of the United States has produced but two wars of much importance—the War of Independence, and the War with England in 1812. The first was, no doubt, in its effects, one of the most momentous contests of modern times. The second ought to have been of singular importance to justify the extent of interest felt in it by Americans. It is strange to turn from general recollections and oratorical commonplaces to a sober account of these struggles. In neither war did any single action take place which deserves notice in a strategical point of view, except, perhaps, the battle of New Orleans. In each, almost every engagement was very indecisive, with the exception of the naval actions between single ships in the second war, in which undoubtedly the Americans obtained several brilliant successes. No kind of reading can be more diametrically tiresome than the annals of the scattered and fruitless encounters on the Canadian frontier; and though there can be no doubt that the actions between the *United States* and the *Macedonian*, and the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, were brilliant affairs, their intrinsic importance was altogether trifling. It is not a little singular that the battle upon which more eloquence has been expended than almost any other in history—Bunker's Hill—was a total defeat. It is not the least remarkable of the felicities of the United States that they should have had just war enough, and not more than enough, to gratify their intense sensibility, and to supply them with not altogether illegitimate subjects for exultation.

READE'S POEMS.*

UNDER ordinary circumstances, we should not have thought it worth while to review four volumes of such unmitigated dulness as these poems of Mr. Reade. But the fact that many of them have attained such a sale as to make a new edition possible, gives the author a title at least to notice, if not to praise. He is not a poet by nature, and has none of the gifts which go to make a poet; but he has qualities which, in these days, their possessors often imagine to be poetical. He is deeply infected with that passion for self-analysis which Mr. Kingsley is so fond of telling us is the disease of the age, and the results of which, for some inscrutable reason, are nowadays invariably versified. From the number of poems that are published, a foreigner might imagine that England was never so rich in poets as she is now; but, on a closer examination, he would perceive that we are rich, not in poets, but in metaphysicians, who are distinguished less for the novelty of their discoveries than for their marvellous mania for putting them into metre. Of this school Mr. Reade is a shining luminary. All kinds of persons, from Adam and Eve down to a hypothetical fatalist, are made to come forward and dissect themselves for the instruction of this generation. They make long prosy speeches, in which a few most orthodox sentiments struggle dimly through a tangle of halting metre and inextricable grammar. The following is a fair specimen of the sort of metre in which these "spiritual revelations" are generally clothed:—

In cities reared,
I knew not Nature's sedative influence.
I ripened thought amid the iron mass
Of an all-unintelligible life:
Its joys, and agonies, and hopelessness
Whirled groaning round me like the huge machine
Round which it toiled.

If there are any connoisseurs of dulness who would like to explore further the beauties of Mr. Reade, we especially commend to their notice a poem entitled "Man in Paradise," which he appears to have modestly intended as a continuation of *Paradise Lost*. The burden of it is, that Adam and Eve, as soon as the autumn begins to set in, discover that it is getting cold:—

Quickening heat respired
Once from earth's bosom now is felt no more.
. The cold air
Contracts the shrinking sense felt as a thing
Ungeneral and severe.

* *The Poetical Works of John Edmund Reade.* 4 vols. London: Longmans, 1857.

[Sept. 12, 1857.]

In this difficulty, he and his wife, after an unsatisfactory interview with the devil, apply for counsel to an angel. The angel is remarkably sensible, and advises him to take exercise; but like many sensible people, he does not convey his advice in the most lucid language:—

The paradise of man dwells in repose
From temperate thought and healthful effort gained.
Earth doth attest your powers; you enjoy
The fruits of your own effort, happier still,
As labour fills your provident faculty;
Proving which strengthens and exalts.

"Caparisons are odorous." We should recommend Mr. Reade to steer clear of Milton's subjects and Milton's metre.

It seems to us that this age is peculiarly cursed in its poetasters. The poetasters of former ages were generally dull and milk-and-water; but still their humble efforts were far too carefully elaborated not to be perfectly intelligible. But the poetaster of the present day not only cannot write poetry—he cannot write English, or sense, or grammar. At first sight, it is hard to conceive a reason why a set of educated men should take so much trouble to imitate the style of an Irvingite speaker of tongues. Probably they are the victims of a blind obedience to two prevalent popular ideas. The guiding star of the poetical taste of the present generation is a renewed adoration of Shakespeare, and a reaction against the idolatry of Pope. Our unhappy poetasters seem to have imagined that by formulating these feelings—by shunning all that Pope did, and aping all that Shakespeare did—they would obtain the true recipe for the manufacture of poetry. Unluckily it happens that Shakespeare, though the greatest of poets, is the worst of models. His illustrious qualities, his exact knowledge of nature, his noble conceptions of character, are unapproachable; but he lived in an age rude and half polished, and he wrote for the age in which he lived. It was an age which, though great in many ways, was by no means free from affectations; and one of them was the taste for quaint conceits and far-fetched similes. They are no peculiarity of Shakespeare's—they were the constant form of the witticisms of Court wits, and of the compliments of Court poets. They are just as strong in Spenser or in Bacon—they were the fashion with all the writers of the Jacobean age—they culminated in Cowley and Andrews, and only finally disappeared after the Restoration. But they tincture strongly the writings of the great dramatist, among others, and so far as they do so undoubtedly deform them; and, being deformities, they are precisely the only parts which our own metrical metaphysicians are competent to copy. But the copyists have met with the usual fate of their breed—their imitation has become caricature. Their conceits are not quaint, but uncouth—their similes are not merely far-fetched, but simply unintelligible. Still more unfortunate has been their abhorrence of Pope; for nearly all Pope's defects are negative. Though undoubtedly wanting in many of the native qualities of a poet, few ever equalled him in the mere knack and trick of his craft; and whatever Pope excelled in, the spasmodic school abhor as a blemish. Pope's meaning was as clear as crystal—they are therefore consistently unintelligible. Pope's lines were flowing to a fault—their verses never scan by accident. Pope's style was scrupulously grammatical—from their writings the normal relations of verb and nominative case have absolutely disappeared. The result is, that what passes for poetry in this middle of the nineteenth century is nothing but a mysterious metaphysical jargon, fitfully jerked out in broken sentences, like the gasping of an oracle in hysterics.

Now, Mr. Reade is not a poet, and therefore it would be idle to expect him to write poetry. But he evidently has a considerable command of English, and some of his smaller pieces sufficiently show that he can express himself with clearness when he likes. It is therefore matter of wonder that he should don the livery of Mr. Sidney Dobell, or enrol himself in a school which has no other notion of the use of language except that which tradition imputes to Talleyrand. He seems to have forgotten the rudimentary truth that a man must write English before he can write poetry. It is not merely that we demur to many of his metaphors—such as "pages of books being cloven into a man's being," or "western rays braiding up the molten edges of clouds," which rise up "like battlemented towers with brazen fronts"—it is not simply that he is generally obscure, or that he makes a liberal use of a poet's license of inversion. What we complain of is, that many of his passages are as completely unintelligible as one of the corrupt passages of the *Eumenides*. What will the future Dindorf of New Zealand, if he should be unlucky enough to disinter Mr. John Edmund Reade from the *debris* of a fossil circulating library, make of the following passage? It is supposed to be [a] description of the charge at Inkerman:—

Like a whirlwind on their masses we were swept as on the rock,
And their ocean of steel levelled splintering before our shock!
Hurled their foremost backward reeling on their rearward ranks were
thrown,
Till our red line crowned that rampart girt as with a fiery zone.

How does an ocean splinter? And when it splinters, how can it burst? And who hurled whose foremost backward reeling on whose rearward ranks? We do not venture to object to the poetry. We do not enter on the difficulty of a rampart being crowned by the fiery zone that girds it, or on the fact that sweeping is not an operation to which whirlwinds are generally subject. We only ask to understand, not to admire; and in all

humility we beg to suggest, that when Mr. Reade next publishes in the spasmodic style, he will be good enough to follow the precedent of the Delphin editions of the classics, and to add a marginal translation in ordinary English. Possibly, however, he may plead the exigencies of an unmanageable metre. We will try him, then, in the full liberty of blank verse, in which he soars perfectly unfettered; for his blank verse is nearly as innocent of metre as it is of rhyme. The following extract is from a metaphysical poem termed "Revelations of Life," written for the confusion of fatalists and fanatics:—

The pastor heard not my approach: the rays
Of twilight on him fell against an oak
Reclined a part of nature and the scene.
The venerable man was not alone:
His daughter stood beside him in her youth,
Silently blossomed in the beautiful.

We have never been fortunate enough to see the "rays of twilight"; but, assuming their existence, how do the same rays contrive to fall on the pastor and against the oak? Possibly the pastor was bald and shining, and acted as a mirror. But the most mysterious question suggested by the passage is whether it is the oak, or the twilight, or the pastor that is "reclining a part of nature and the scene;" for, as far as our observation has gone, twilights and oaks seldom recline at all, and pastors only when they are in bed. We cannot leave this passage without calling attention to the exquisite touch of nature in the last line. We quite agree with Mr. Reade that it is of very little use for a young lady to "blossom in the beautiful" unless she does it "silently."

It would be tedious to dwell further on the blunders of a tedious production. The passages we have noticed are not the carefully culled blemishes of a lengthy work—they all occur in the first hundred and fifty pages of one single volume. Mr. Reade has mistaken his vocation. Before he again trusts himself to his Pegasus, we entreat him to lay to heart the elementary truths that blank verse does not mean prose printed in short lines—that eccentric language does not alter the nature of commonplace ideas—and that even the mere art of poetry consists of something more recondite than the simple plan of leaving out all the nominative cases and systematically substituting participles for verbs.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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